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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1888, by G. E. Desbarats & Son, at the Department of Agriculture.

VOL. I.—No. 21.

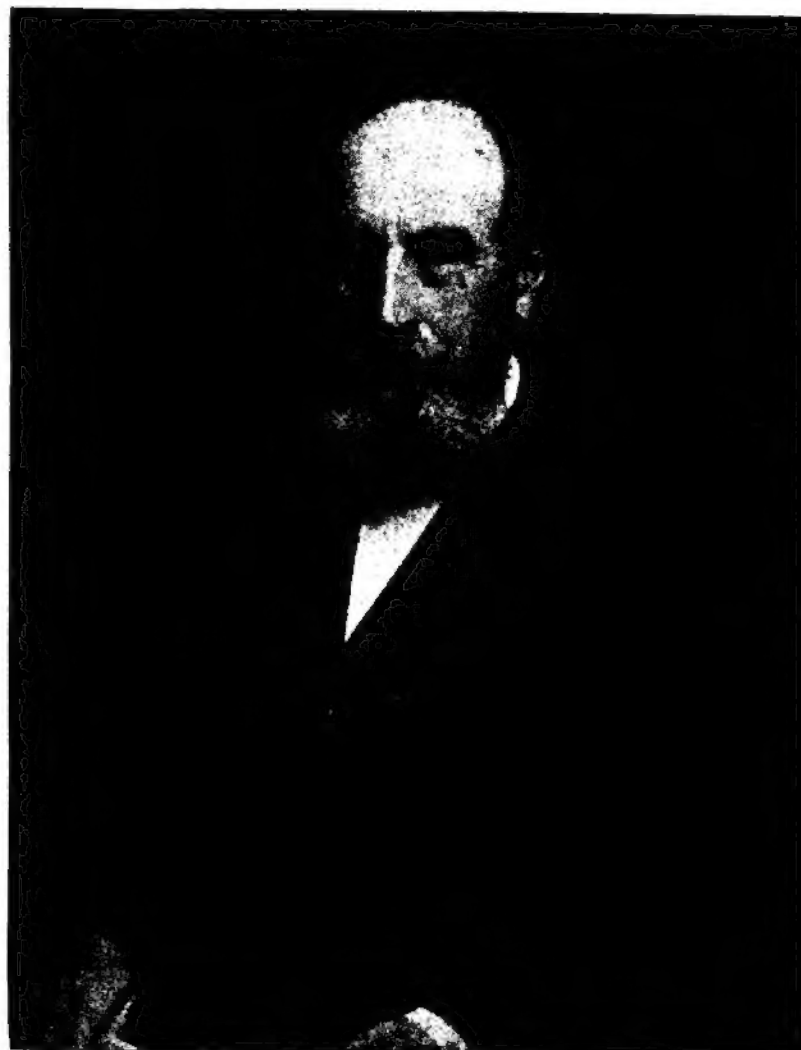
MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 24th NOVEMBER, 1888.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.
10 CENTS PER COPY.

THE DOMINION EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.



HON. INO. MACDONALD, PRESIDENT.



SIR WM. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., K.C.M.G., VICE-PRESIDENT.



MR. GEORGE HAGUE, HON.-TREASURER.



REV. W. JACKSON, HON.-SECRETARY.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,
162 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
127 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

24th NOVEMBER, 1888.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

SPECIAL.

During the month of December we will give to new subscribers the current first six months, twenty-six numbers, of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, making a volume of 416 pages, containing over 250 beautiful engravings, and a great amount of interesting and instructive reading, ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR, the conditions being that the subscriber remits, *at the same time*, \$4.00 for a full year's subscription, beginning 1st January, 1889. In other words, we offer eighteen months' subscription for \$5.00, or again, we give away three months' subscription gratis. Persons wishing to form clubs can obtain their own subscription FREE, by sending us the price of *four* subscriptions, as now offered.

This offer is open for December only, and should be taken advantage of *early*, as our stock of back numbers is limited.

On the memorable occasion of the official inauguration of the 27½ feet channel in the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Quebec, on Wednesday, 7th instant, we were enabled by the courtesy of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners to secure some valuable and interesting mementoes of the event, in the shape of photographic views and groups taken especially for THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED by Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son. These we expect to begin publishing in the next issue of this journal. The following is an incomplete list of the portraits, groups and views to appear:—

Portrait of the Hon. Sir Hector Langevin, C.B., K.C.M.G., Minister of Public Works.

Alexander Robertson, Esq., Chairman of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners.

A group of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners present.

A group of the Quebec Harbour Commissioners present.

A group of Members of Parliament.

A group of the Acting-Mayor and Aldermen of Montreal.

A group of Civil Engineers.

A group of Forwarders.

A group of Members of the Press.

A group consisting of the Hon. A. W. Ogilvy, Senator; Andrew Allan, Esq., and L. J. Seargeant, Esq.; also,

Views of the SS. "Lake Ontario,"

Views of Montreal, Three Rivers, etc.

Persons wishing to secure a number of copies of the issues of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED that will contain these engravings should give timely notice to their news-dealer or to us direct.



It looked, some days ago, as if Victoria College, Cobourg, would be blended with the University of Toronto, and the new college, in Queen's Park, for which \$100,000 have been asked and \$60,000 promised, would be pushed forward at once. At a large meeting of the Conference it was resolved to raise that balance, and confidently set forth that Victoria was going to Toronto. One enthusiastic paper proclaimed that all loyal Methodists would rally to the plan.

As we write, the news is that another song is being sung at Cobourg. The University Senate and the Alumni, at a meeting, decided against all further steps indefinitely. Mayor Clarke, of Cobourg, announced that the city, in addition to a grant of \$25,000 and twenty acres of land, would give \$1,500 a year, for five years, for a new chair. A gentleman of Toronto declared that he would give \$100,000 to \$250,000 toward maintaining the University, provided a similar sum were raised. The students sang:—

On the old Ontario's strand
Victoria ever more shall stand.

A Leipzig firm wants to buy "old pianos, not less than 130 years of age." As a piano of that venerable age cannot be heard next door, even when the windows are open, an American paper gets funny over the advertisement, quite unmindful that in Germany, more especially, it is very widely the custom to practice the pianoforte on noiseless keys, whereby the fingering can be cultivated, without the annoyance of metallic sound on the ears of neighbours. There is no worse torture than that of piano tapping.

The Mormon settlement at Lee's Creek, N.W.T., deserves a word of notice. It is made up of 125 souls, but not confined to Mormons, and will do both ranching and farming. The elders have no thought of polygamy, and will conform to the laws of the country in that respect. Since the revelation of their faith to John Smith, in 1830, the Mormons number only half a million, in Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Idaho, Colorado and Nevada. Confiscation of property drove this colony into the Northwest, but there is no intention to transfer the whole church to the protection of the British flag.

Principal Grant, of Kingston, is putting to good use his holiday in Australia, making his native country known. He believes in the benefits of closer commercial relations between Australia and Canada. He points out that there is a large opening for wool, wine and some other products, while Canada could send on fish in various forms, lumber, and even some descriptions of agricultural tools. He is also a warm advocate of the cable between Vancouver's Island and Australia, and supports the right of Canada and other colonies to make special trade arrangements with foreign countries.

Herr Cohen, who lately travelled in Canada, had this to say, in an interview, at Macclesfield, England:—"You must draw a distinction between Canadians and Americans. The Canadians repudiate the name 'American,' and are proud of their connection with the Old Country. They are a most intelligent, industrious and straightforward

class of people, a high moral tone pervading their whole lives. Wherever you meet them, in their homes or elsewhere, they are most genial and agreeable in their manners, and there is a total absence of that coolness and pretension which are too often characteristic of well-to-do English people."

A great soldierly figure has gone from the British Army. Lord Lucan was in the wild charge of the Light Brigade, not the Heavy Brigade, as one or two of the Toronto papers had it. The Earl of Lucan was an Irish landlord, and his titles in the peerage were wholly Irish, but his family—the Bingham—is English. Unto the end the octogenarian general looked like a man of forty, with his flat-brimmed hat, straggling whiskers and frock coat, tightly buttoned. His cavalry seat was perfection to the last. He took great care of his meals, eating only certain kinds of food, sharply weighed beforehand.

Lucan recalls Cardigan. The latter commanded the Light Brigade at Balaklava. When the order came, through Captain Nolan, to charge, the great dragoon sat up in his saddle, tightened his bridle around his left hand, drew his sabre to attention with his right, and, as the horses started, said to those about him: "Here goes the last of the Cardigans!" But it was not so to be. He and Lucan came out unscathed from the Valley of Death, from the Mouth of Hell, and both died in their beds.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made,
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble Six Hundred!

There are two bits of interesting news from Newfoundland. The first is the election of Bonavista, wherein the result, by the return of Mr. Morison, seems to point toward confederation with Canada. The second is the departure of the late governor, Sir Henry Arthur Blake—but not for Queensland, as was meant, the Imperial authorities being forced to back down before the objections of the colonists. The new governor of Newfoundland is Sir Terence O'Brien, a distinguished soldier and ruler, who has been governor of Heligoland since 1881.

The protest of the Australians against the appointment of their new governor and the acquiescence of Downing street, in the face of so much opposition, is the turning of a new leaf. Why Sir Henry Arthur Blake was not a *persona grata* to the southern colonists is a matter that concerns themselves, but the whole incident is an awkward one. Here, in Canada, we have been singularly fortunate in our Governors-General—as the names of the last four amply show—Lords Dufferin, Lorne, Lansdowne and Stanley.

The sum of \$6,000—to be halved—has been assigned for two new chairs in the Toronto University. This contribution is highly creditable to the Queen City, and its people are anxious to see that the two endowments should fall on native Canadians, instead of on outsiders, as seems to be the mind of the University authorities. Nothing could be better than this feeling. Let Ontario take after Nova Scotia. Two or three years ago the Chairs of English Language and Literature, at Kings', Windsor, and at Dalhousie, went to Professors C. G. D. Roberts, of New Brunswick, and W. J. Alexander, of Ontario, respectively.

And while on this subject of University Chairs, we beg to renew our appeal for professorships of Canadian History. We do not mean mere lessons subsidiary or supplementary to classes of history in general, but distinctly and solely to the history—the magnificent history of our country, for over two hundred and fifty years. The need of such a chair becomes more urgent every year, especially for the period of English rule, which is unknown, although abounding with most interesting and complicated events and measures. The constitutional history of Canada is perhaps alone of its kind, being composed of elements—heterogeneous and almost hostile of themselves—but which have been handled with so much foresight and insight, in the true spirit of statesmanship, that the whole has resulted in making Canadians to-day the freest and happiest people on the face of the earth.

A DOMINION JUBILEE.

One of the oldest and most influential bodies of this city, the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, has issued a circular suggesting a World's Fair in 1892, to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the founding of Montreal. The object is a bold one at first sight, but a careful reading of the paper shows that it is both quite timely and feasible. The date chosen is the happiest possible, as several events of the highest importance combine to make it worthy and easy of accomplishment:—

I. Montreal's position as the foremost city of the Dominion.

II. The 250 years, ending 1892, virtually embrace the whole history of Canada, from the beginning to our day.

III. The year 1892 will be the Fifth Jubilee of Montreal, and therefore five times more worthy of being celebrated.

IV. The same year is the 400th anniversary of the Discovery of America by Columbus.

By the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Canada has become the great highway between Europe and the East, and no scheme could be devised which would do more to make both Europe and Asia contribute to the prosperity and development of our country than bringing them together in Montreal. The Grand Trunk Railway and our other lines, with our steamship companies, would reap immediate and direct benefits from the increase in passenger traffic, and still more in freight. Moreover, the country would be magnificently advertised; new markets as well as new avenues of trade would be opened up for both agricultural and manufactured products; attention would be called to our great resources and natural advantages; immigration would be stimulated, and foreign capital would probably be attracted here for investment; for though our manufacturers may be in excess of present demands, there is a wide field for work in the development of our mineral resources.

The very circumstance of our different provinces being brought together in a friendly rivalry, in a way which would do credit to the whole country, would do much to cement their union, increase the pride and confidence of Canadians in the future of their country, and foster a self-reliant patriotism, founded on an intelligent understanding of the advance already made and the possibilities of the future.

In addition to the general benefits to the country at large, Montreal could not fail to benefit

immensely. Many thousands would be added to the population of the city for several months; this addition would consist of consumers; and all of those trades which minister to the daily wants and comforts of the community would receive a proportionate impetus.

The prospects of success are exceedingly good. There can be little doubt that the number of exhibits would be large. The United States would be sure to be well represented: their proximity, combined with a desire to extend their trade, would secure that. Mexico, we are assured, will enter into the idea heartily, the government being likely to send a very good exhibit. The South American countries, though not so enterprising as our neighbours, will probably be represented. The revived interest which France is taking in Canada, in addition to the desire for new markets, should secure hearty co-operation from her. Besides France, no doubt Spain and Italy, as well as Belgium, Sweden and Norway, would be represented; and, judging from the present volume of their trade with Canada, the Germans would certainly not be behind the others. As for Great Britain, we may count on the most hearty sympathy and active co-operation there, both from the Government and from private enterprise. We might get a very fine Loan Art exhibition like that sent to Melbourne this year, which would prove a most valuable attraction. Then with good exhibits from India and our sister colonies, we would certainly have a more varied and probably a more extensive exhibition than that of the Colonies and India in London in the year 1886, which was an unquestioned success. We should remember that the governments or individuals who might not think the Canadian market worth troubling about, would be very glad to reach the United States through us.

But even if all this foreign co-operation did not come, there would still remain an alternative scheme, which could be carried out with perfect success at considerably less expense and with a minimum of risk: namely, that of a British and Colonial Exhibition, similar to that of the Colonies and India held in London in 1886, with the addition of a magnificent display from Great Britain and Ireland. It would be very important to have India extensively and thoroughly represented, and there need be no anxiety on this point, as Lord Lansdowne's active co-operation may be counted upon to make the Indian department complete and attractive. The Australian Colonies, in simple justice, could hardly do less than reciprocate the advances we have made in participating in their Jubilee and Centennial Exhibitions, and they, if they take up the idea at all, will do so heartily, we may be sure, and in such a way as to rival the Dominion itself. As for Great Britain, the desire or perhaps even the necessity of meeting American competition would tend to make the British Section all that could be desired in beauty, variety and extent. Canada has made immense strides in material progress of late years, and one great advantage of an International Exhibition on her own soil would be the opportunity for making a display commensurate with her advance in the industrial arts and the extent of her natural resources, without having to incur the trouble and expense unavoidable in sending a large number of exhibits to a great distance.

The expense should be moderate. So many exhibitions are going on simultaneously that in a

short time a number of excellent buildings will be for sale and obtainable at perhaps one-fourth or one-fifth of the cost of a new building. Then again we have a good site. The present Exhibition grounds are finely situated, and there is a considerable extent of vacant property adjoining which could be utilized for such a special occasion. The tract between Mount Royal avenue and Pine avenue, Park avenue and Upper St. Urbain is about 34 acres; there is a similar tract lying west of Park avenue, and another addition might be made to the northwest, so that 70 or 80 acres could be added for that year to the present Exhibition grounds. While these figures do not reach the proportions of Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, there should be ample room, seeing that the extent of the Antwerp exhibition grounds of 1885 were only 54½ acres that of Liverpool, 1886, only 35 acres; that of Glasgow, being held now, 60 acres.

Ways and means. No doubt, if Montreal desires the benefit of such an undertaking, the citizens of Montreal must be prepared to subscribe handsomely to a guarantee fund; and it promises well for success that our enterprising business men are already coming forward with offers of active support in that way. The Federal and Provincial Governments might fairly be called upon to aid, and the leading cities of the Dominion (following the precedent of similar occasions in other countries) might subscribe to the capital stock necessary to put such an undertaking on a sound footing.

As it seems advisable to have the opinion of as many influential men as possible on the desirability and practicability of this scheme of a World's Fair, correspondence can be had on the subject as early as possible with Mr. S. C. Stevenson, 76 St. Gabriel street, Montreal, P.Q. There is no time to be lost; for an enterprise of such magnitude requires careful preparation to ensure success.

LITERARY NOTES.

Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P., finds time, outside of his *Regina Leader*, to send some breezy papers to "Eastern Canada."

The Almafilian is the euphonious name of a pretty little paper published by and for the young ladies of Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.

Mr. William McLennan, author of "Songs of Old Canada," has gone, with his family, for a month, to Banff, for respite and physical recuperation.

There is question of a new Historical Society for the Simcoes. There is no more historic ground in Canada—the dark and bloody home of the Hurons.

Le Canada Français, a learned and literary quarterly, published by Laval University, has closed its first year, and is beginning the second under the best auspices.

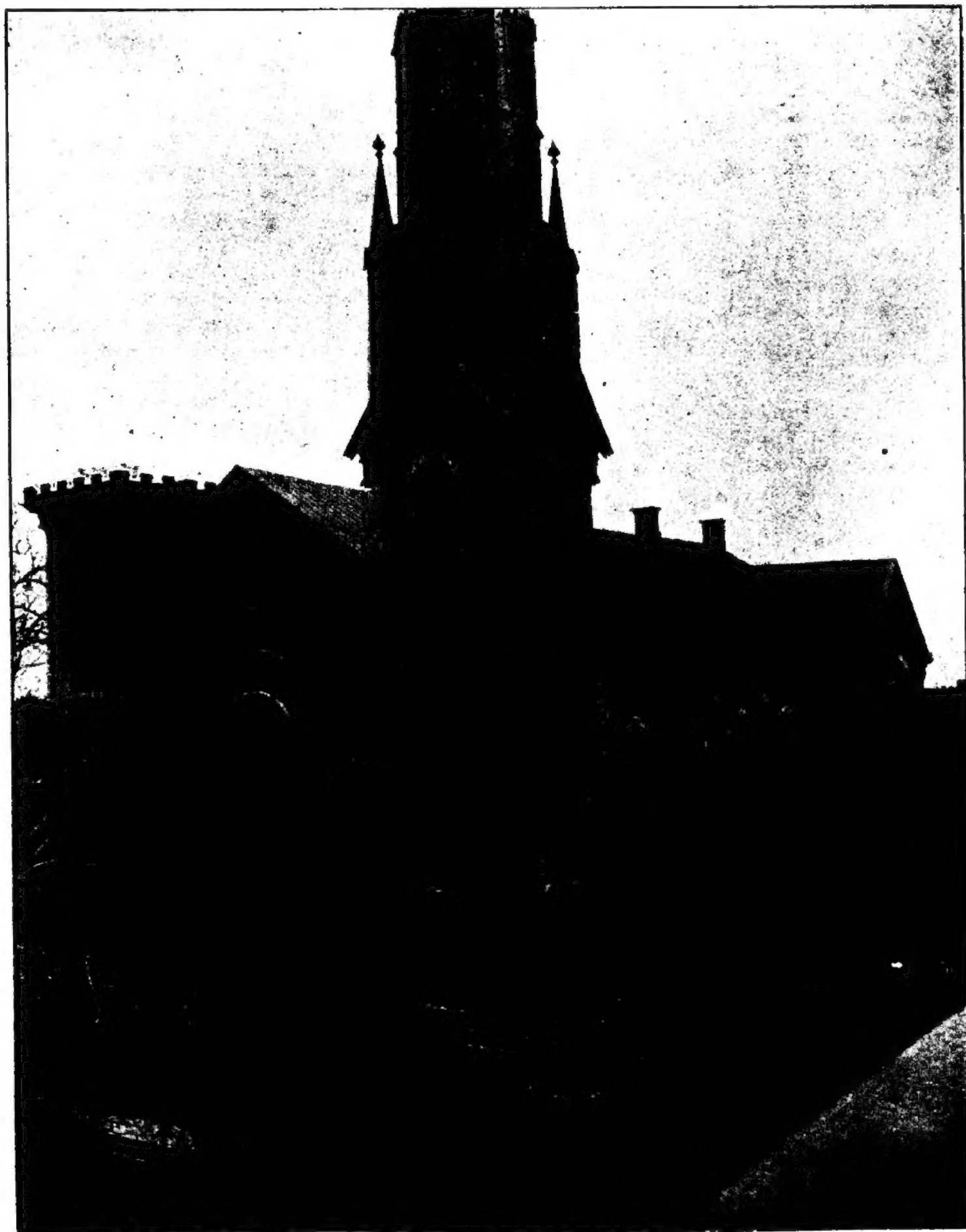
M. Pamphile Lemay, the translator of "Evangeline," and who had gone to France for a holiday, was suddenly summoned to Quebec by a family bereavement.

We shall have the pleasure, in our next issue, of reviewing "The Masque of Minstrels," by Arthur J. Lockhart. Here is another Nova Scotian who has made his mark.

St. Johns, on the Richelieu, is another of the oldest points in Canadian history—one of the four legendary forts, built before the De Courcelles expedition against the Iroquois. It is just the place for an historical society.

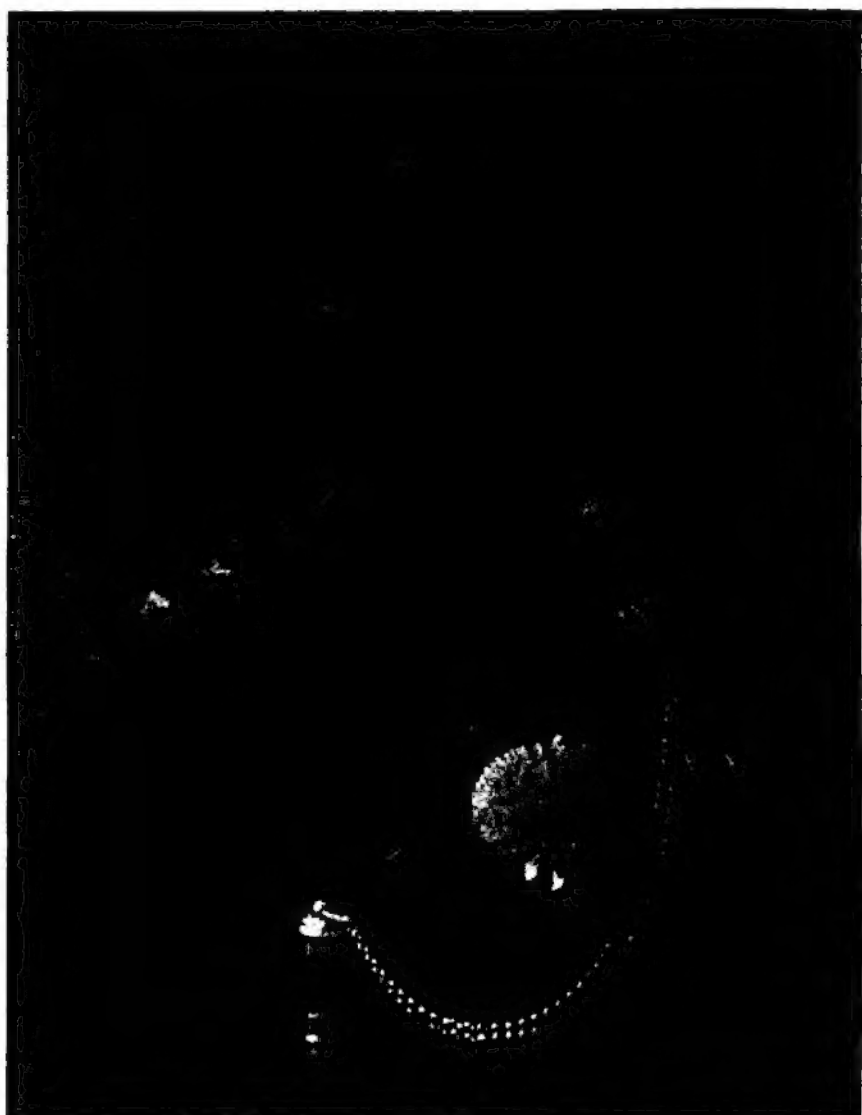
It is not generally known, and it is a curious thing, that the *News* and *Telegram* of Toronto are not sent from their respective offices to anybody in the Province of Quebec. The reason is to avoid the law's difficulties, as shown in the Sheppard case.

In a note to the editor, Professor C. G. D. Roberts, of King's College, N.S., exclaims of Prof. George Murray's "Incidents in Cupid's Life," published in these columns of the 10th November: "What a charming piece that of Mr. Murray's in your last."

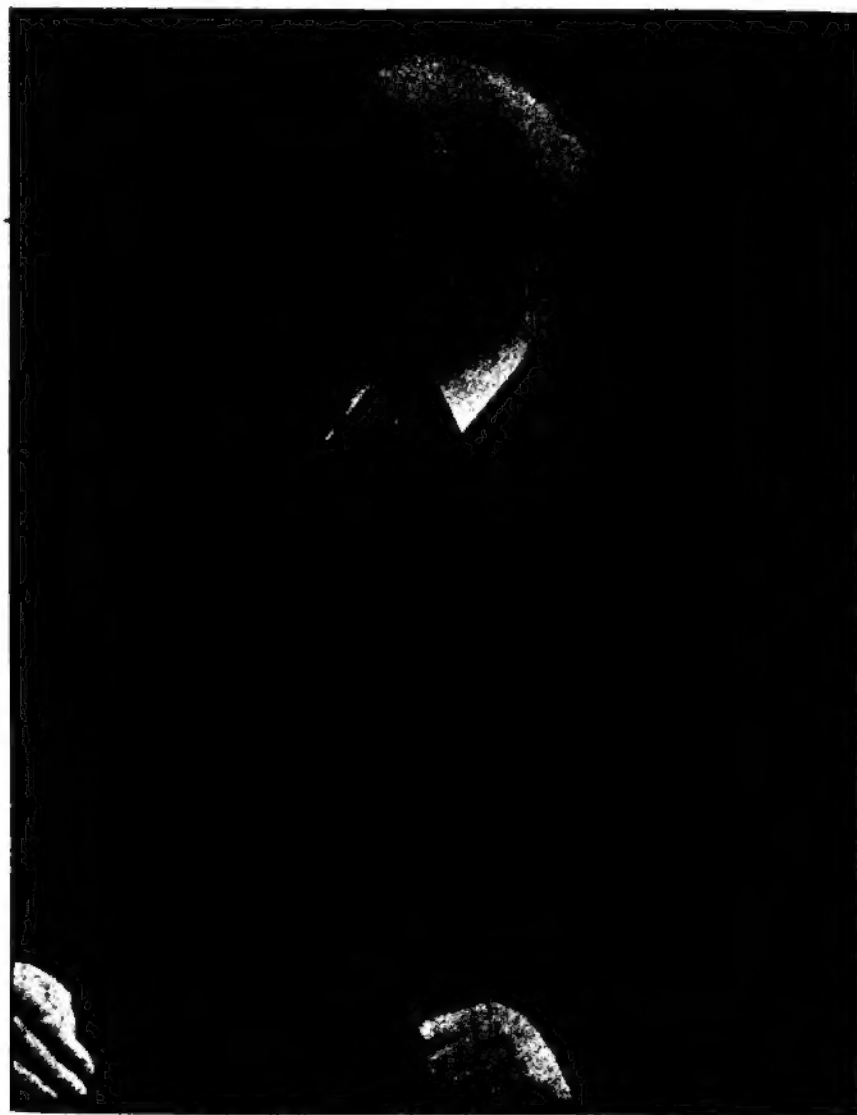


THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, DORCHESTER STREET, MONTREAL,
Where the Evangelical Alliance Meetings were held.

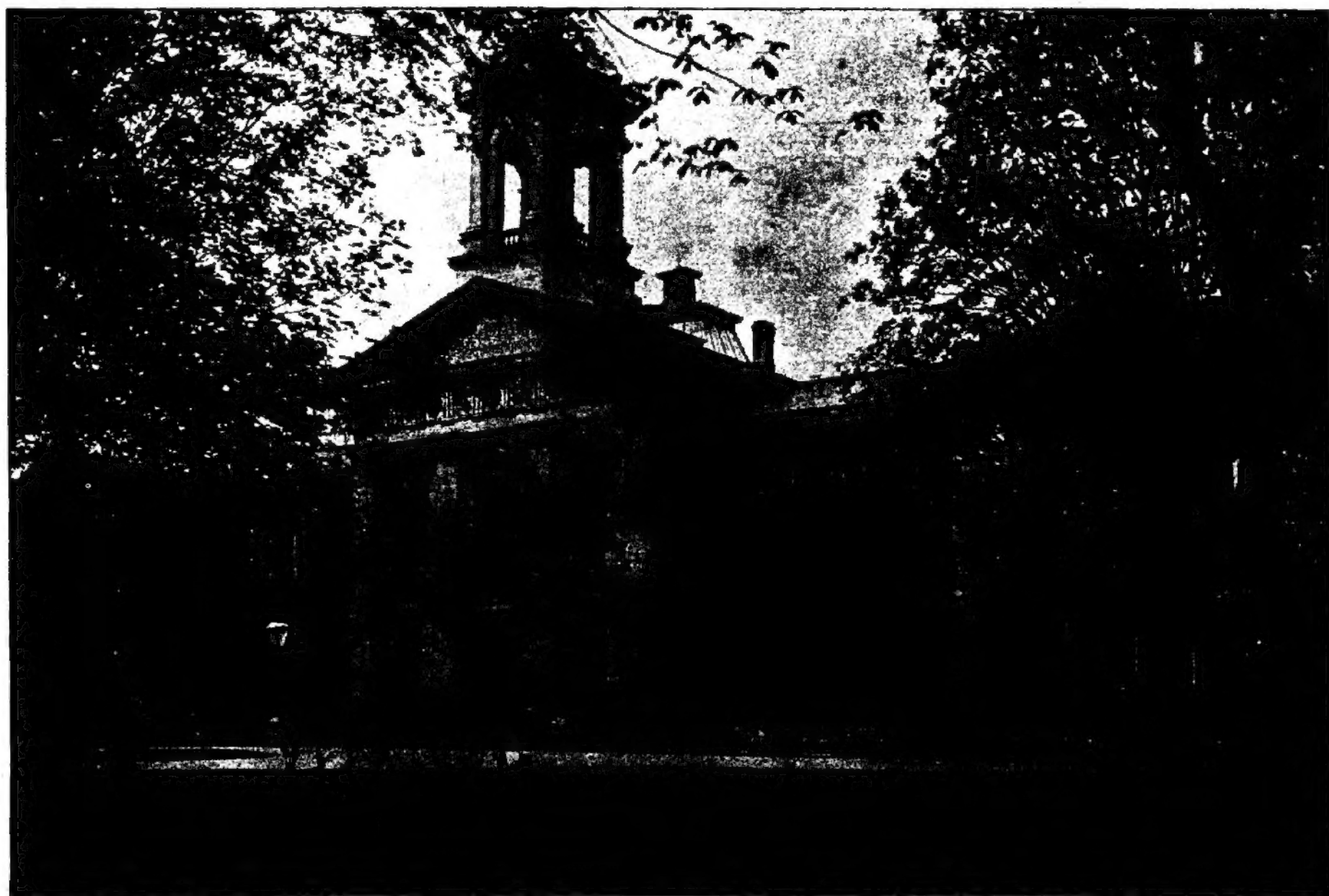
From a photograph by Martin.



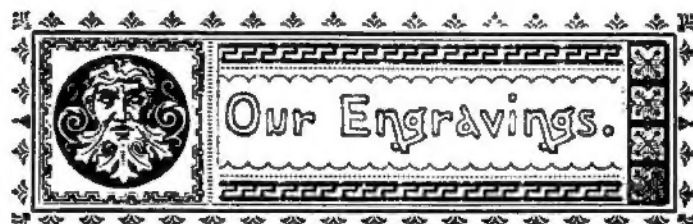
LT.-COL. D. H. ALLAN, "QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES," TORONTO.
From a photograph by Dixon.



THE LATE HON. JAS. PATTON. COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS,
TORONTO.



THE NORMAL SCHOOL, TORONTO.



HON. JOHN MACDONALD.—This merchant prince, who has now reached one of the highest honours within the gift of his countrymen—the Senate of Canada—was born at Perthshire in 1824 and came to Canada after an early training, going to school at Halifax for a while, and finishing his studies at Toronto, where he came forth as classic medal bearer. Having chosen business for his career, he served two years at Gananoque, when he returned to Toronto, and in 1847 went to Jamaica for his health, where he stopped one year. Returning to Toronto, he went in for himself, and in 1849 he began building up that importing trade which gradually grew the most extensive in the country. Mr. Macdonald began his Parliamentary life in the old Assembly of Canada. From 1872 to 1878 he sat for Toronto Centre in the Commons, but was defeated in the general elections of that memorable year, and remained in private life till November, 1887, when, at the nomination of his political adversary, but personal friend, Sir John Macdonald, he was raised to the Senate, where his wisdom and experience of affairs have made him a valuable member. Mr. Macdonald is a pillar of his church, the Methodist; has helped the cause of education and benevolence by his counsel and liberality, and among his other good works has been put at the head of the Evangelical Alliance, in which capacity he appears in our columns.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON.—Our readers will scarcely be wanted to learn the history of this distinguished man of science and philanthropist. He is a native Canadian, born in Pictou, Nova Scotia, in 1820, and there educated, until he went to Edinburgh and was graduated at its University in 1842, when he returned to Canada, and when he entered upon those labours in geology which have since made his name world-wide. In 1850, however, his career was altered by his appointment as superintendent of education for his native province. There he wrought so well, and made so bright a record, that, in 1855, he was called to be Principal of McGill College, at a time when the fortunes of this institution were at a low ebb. From then till now Dr. Dawson has stood at his post with such success that McGill to-day is second to no other seat of learning in America. Bare mention only need be made of Sir William's standing in science; the reflected glory of his son, Dr. George Dawson, on his name; the number and value of his published works; his connection with the chief scientific bodies of the world, and his elevation to knighthood, in reward for his labours in the national cause of higher education. Not the least of his titles to public appreciation is his position in the Evangelical Alliance.

GEORGE HAGUE, ESQ.—Mr. Hague belongs to an old Yorkshire family who have lived in the neighbourhood of Rotherham, a manufacturing town in the West Riding, for some hundreds of years back. He comes of what may be termed a good Banking stock; three of his relatives during the last fifty years having been Managers in the principal Bank of the town where he was brought up. Mr. Hague entered Banking life at an early age, passing through a regular apprenticeship to the business as is usual in England. He left Banking to enter the service of a firm of railway contractors who had large undertakings in Canada. This brought him to Montreal in 1854. The death of the senior partner of the firm brought their enterprises to an end. Mr. Hague again sought Banking life, entering the service of the then recently organized Bank of Toronto. In its service he continued for about 20 years, first as Accountant, then as Branch Manager, and for the last twelve years as Cashier. After a brief interval, he was urgently pressed to take charge of the Merchants Bank of Canada, whose affairs had become somewhat disorganized. This was in 1877. In the position of General Manager of this Institution he has continued ever since. The standing of the Bank is now too well known to need further comment. Mr. Hague has always taken much interest in religious and philanthropic matters, and has devoted much time and energy to works of that character. He is Chairman of the Congregational College of Montreal and a Governor of McGill University. He has also been a very active contributor to the periodical press, principally on financial subjects.

REV. W. JACKSON.—The Reverend Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance was born in the City of Lincoln, England, in the year 1840. He has the reputation of being a hard student, having read widely, especially in metaphysics and theology. By those who know him best he is said to be one of the ablest preachers in the Montreal conference of the Methodist Church. His early commercial experiences have evidently qualified him for the post of secretary, and both within and without his own branch of the Church, he has done a great amount of work of this kind. The success of the late conference was very largely owing to his exertions. Mr. Jackson commenced his ministry in Canada in 1862, and has been stationed chiefly within the bounds of the Montreal conference. He is at present the pastor of Douglas Methodist Church, in this city, where he is very much esteemed.

THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—This stately and handsome temple of worship was begun in 1864, on the

pattern of the Lafayette Avenue Church, of Brooklyn, and on the 24th June, 1866, it was solemnly dedicated. The congregation, which bears the name of the "American Presbyterian Society of Montreal," was established in 1823, but the denomination it represented dated from 1790. In these past sixty-five years the congregation has been served by six pastors, almost every one of them remarkable for sterling qualities. The church was formally organized by Rev. Samuel W. Whelpley, on March 23, 1823, and on August 2, 1824, the first pastor was installed—Rev. Joseph Stibbs Christmas. The second was Rev. George W. Perkins, from 1830 to 1839; then Rev. Caleb Strong, from 1839 to 1847; Rev. John McLeod, from 1847 to 1857; Rev. James Bonar, from 1857 to 1869. There was then a vacancy till 1871, when the present well-known and well beloved incumbent, Rev. George H. Wells, D.D., accepted a call from Chicago, and began a pastorate which has been the longest and the most fruitful in the history of the American Presbyterian Church. It is from a valuable Historical Sermon of his, preached at the semi-centennial celebration of the Church, that we have gathered and necessarily condensed the interesting notes, which our readers have just perused.

LIEUT.-COL. DANIEL HUGH ALLAN.—This gallant officer is a Canadian by birth, and was born in the county of Perth on the 31st December, 1842. His connection with the Queen's Own dates from 1865, when he entered the Regiment as a private. He was promoted to Sergeant in 1866, and rose step by step to the command of the fine corps he had entered as private. During the late campaign in the North-West Col. Allan did good service as second in command of the contingent of his corps which formed part of the Battleford column. Col. Allan is still in the prime of life, and it is the general hope that he may long stay at the head of one of the best drilled bodies of militia in the Dominion.

HON. JAMES PATTON.—The late Collector of Customs, at Toronto, was born at Prescott, Ont., on the 10th June, 1824. He performed his studies at Upper Canada College, with distinction, and began the study of law in 1840. In 1843, on the opening of King's College (now the University of Toronto), he matriculated in Arts and graduated in law and, in 1858, took the degree of LL.D. In 1845, he opened a law office at Barrie, where he started the *Barrie Herald*, in 1852, the only paper published then north of Toronto, where there are now more than 100. He was also the author of legal works, and was closely connected with the *U. C. Law Journal*. In 1862 he reached the silk. In 1860 he opened a branch law office in Toronto, first with Judge Osler, and next with Chief Justice Moss, under the name of Patton, Osler & Moss. From 1864 to 1872 he was at Kingston attending to the large practice of Sir John Macdonald, and, from 1872 to 1878, on returning to Toronto, he carried on the Trust and Loan Company's business as Macdonald & Patton. He then withdrew from the active exercise of his profession, after a brilliant career of three and thirty years, and took charge of the English-Scottish Engagement Company of Canada until 1881, when he was appointed Collector of Customs for Toronto. In his younger days, 1856, Mr. Patton was a Legislative Councillor for the Saugeen division, where he distinguished himself, and, in 1862, he became a member of the Cartier-Macdonald Government, but soon retired. He was Vice-Chancellor of the University of Toronto from 1860 to 1864, and, in 1866, he occupied a seat in the Council of the Board of Trade of Toronto. Mr. Patton died on the 12th October, of this year, being called away suddenly.

TORONTO NORMAL SCHOOL.—Our sketch presents the front of the Normal School only, but the buildings and grounds surrounding include the Educational Office, and the Depositories, and Educational Museum with Girls' and Boys' Model School. The buildings are situated upon the centre of an open square, of about seven acres and a half of ground. The School was opened on November 1, 1847. The removal of the seat of Government to Toronto, in 1849, necessitated the adoption of measures for the immediate erection of the necessary permanent buildings. The corner-stone was laid July 2, 1851, by the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, Governor-General; and in the month of November following the Normal and Model Schools were opened in the buildings which now ornament St. James' Square, and which are described in one of the provincial papers of that date as being "elegant in architectural appearance, commodious in their accommodation, and healthy in their situation." In the year 1858 the Normal School was transferred to the present building and the old apartments applied to the purposes of an Educational Museum and a projected School of Art and Design, which is now the Ontario School of Art. From the time that the Toronto Normal School was established, until the year 1871, all the Normal School Certificates for Teachers in the Province were granted by the Chief Superintendent of Education, upon Examination by the Teaching Staff of the Institute. During that time 3,150 Teachers received Certificates. Since the year 1871 several changes have been made in the character of the work done in the Normal Schools, and in the Examination for Certificate. Under the present system the work is in a large degree professional. Only those candidates who have passed the non-professional, or literary, examination, at the different High Schools of the Province, are entitled to enter the Normal Schools. The Principal of the Normal School is Thomas Kirkwood, M.A. We hope shortly to be able to give views of the Education Office, the Depositories and Educational Museum, and the Model Schools, on which occasion we shall publish a

paper on the whole School System of Ontario, drawn from the Report of the Education Department, which has been kindly sent us.

THE DANCING LESSON.—This picture is by Leopold Schmutzler. A budding beauty rehearses her dancing lesson in the presence of her sisters and friends. Not far off, to one side, is sitting her grandfather, who follows with delight the movements of his favourite, which, though not firm, are full of grace. One of the young girl's companions plays on the piano a soft minuet, this being during the reigns of Louis the XIV, XV and XVI, a very fashionable dance in France. People enjoyed this graceful and not fatiguing dance for about 150 years, till, little by little, it was replaced by more lively gavottes.

SHARPSHOOTER'S MEMORIAL, OTTAWA.—We have already alluded to the unveiling of this monument, from personal attendance; gave our own views of its design and workmanship; cited the inscription, and described the inauguration. In the present number the reader will find two other articles on the subject—one on the works of the sculptor, Mr. Percy Wood, and the other, a beautiful tribute, entitled "In Memoriam." This much may be added to accompany our sketch to-day. The unveiling took place on the 1st November, on Major's Hill Park. Among those present were Sir Adolphe, Lady and Miss Caron, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Hon. John Carling, Hon. Edgar and Mrs. Dewdney, Hon. C. H. and Mrs. Tupper, Hon. John Haggart, Chief Justice Sir Wm. and Lady Ritchie, Hon. Justice and Mrs. Gwynne, Hon. Justice and Mrs. Ross, Sir Fred. and Lady Middleton, Col. Walter Powell, Mrs. and Miss Powell, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. John Macpherson, Lieut.-Col. Irwin, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Bacon, Lieut.-Col., Mrs. and Miss White, E. H. Bronson, M.P.P., and Mrs. Bronson, Sheriff Sweetland, Acting-Mayor Erratt and members of the City Council. The four corps of the Capital turned out, the Dragoon Guards, 35, Capt. Gourdeau; Field Battery, 30, Major Stewart; Governor-General's Foot Guards, 150, Major Tilton; 43rd Rifles, 100, Capt. Sherwood, the brigade commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Pennington Macpherson, Lieut.-Col. White, serving on the staff. The Governor-General arrived sharp on time, and was led to the platform, where were the Rt.-Rev. Bishop of Ontario and Rev. Messrs. Pollard and Bogert, Sir Adolphe Caron, Major-General Sir Fred. Middleton, Mr. Percy Wood, the sculptor, and several members of the press. Prayer was offered by Bishop Lewis. The Benediction followed, and the Guards' Band played a verse of the hymn, "All people that on earth do dwell." We have already given an account of the speeches made, and the enumeration of the monuments of Canada mentioned by the Minister of Militia—to which we added several others—and there remains only to record here the services of the sub-committee of citizens to whom, after three years of hard work, the success of the celebration is mainly due. The names are: Colonel Walker Powell, chairman; Messrs. Frank McDougall and Charles Magee; Mr. W. H. Rowley treasurer, and Major Todd and Mr. Frank Newby joint secretaries.

THE OTTAWA TENNIS CLUB RECEPTION.—On Monday, October 15th, the Ottawa Lawn Tennis Club gave an afternoon "At Home" at their grounds in honour of their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Stanley of Preston. At 4 o'clock the Governor-General and Lady Stanley, accompanied by Capt. and Mrs. Colville, Miss Lister, Hon. Arthur Stanley and Capt. MacMahon, drove up to the tennis grounds, and were received by Lady Caron and the officers of the club. Play was started on the bowling green and the tennis courts, Capt. Colville and Lieut. MacMahon taking part in a bowling contest, and the Hon. Arthur Stanley playing a game of tennis, with Miss L. Bacon as partner, against Mr. G. J. Desbarats and Mrs. Sidney Smith. The Governor-General chatted with the members of the club and the ladies present, and showed great interest in the games, leaving with his party a little after 5 o'clock. Among those present at the "at home," and whose portraits appear in the engraving, are: Lady and Miss Caron, Mrs. Chapleau, Mrs. Irwin, Lady Ritchie, Madame Taché, Mrs. Bacon, Miss L. Powell, Miss L. Smith, Miss M. Scott, Miss B. Ritchie, Miss Taschereau, Miss Mackie, Miss Richardson, Miss O'Meara, Miss Schreiber, Miss Gordon, Miss Bogert, Miss Clarke, Messrs. Clayton, O'Grady, H. Gray, Grant, G. J. Debarats, Rev. T. Owen Jones, Shannon, Stanton and Hodgins. The Ottawa Tennis Club was organized in 1876 and moved into its present grounds last spring. It has a membership of 85, among whom are a number of good players. The club ground, situated on the bank of the Rideau canal, is one of the largest in Canada, comprising six double tennis courts, a bowling green, and two heads for quoits. The pretty clubhouse, partly shown in the engraving, was built this spring, and contains reception rooms and ladies' and gentlemen's dressing rooms. The officers of the club this year are: Patron, His Excellency the Governor-General; Vice-Patron, Hon. Sir Adolphe Caron; President, Lieut.-Col. Irwin; Vice-President, Mr. C. R. Hall; Secretary, Mr. C. Stanton; Treasurer, Mr. W. E. Hodgins; Committee, Messrs. Bacon, G. J. Desbarats, L. Fortescue, W. Himsforth, and J. F. Shaw.

THE MORNING CALL.—It sometimes happens that we have, on the cover of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, engravings as fine as any embodied in the paper. "The Morning Call" is an instance. What prettier scene could be fancied than that of Miss Pussie, warmly tucked up, bed, and waiting just a little longer before getting up. "Spot," the handsome fox-terrier, with his clubbed tail

and clipped ears, suspecting that his young mistress is a trifle lazy, creeps through the door, leaps lightly on the bed, and, with outstretched paw, tugs at the woollen coverlet. Pussie has heard him, and seen him from the corner of her eye, but pretends to be fast asleep, while "Spot" gazes hard at her, not quite certain whether Pussie is shamming, in which case he will pull off the counterpane outright.

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

In a brief, but searching paper on Cardinal Newman, as a teacher and poet, as well as a master of English, Augustine Birrell has one or two new insights. He says that Scott and Coleridge led the way for the Neo-Catholicism of the Oxford movement by making the old times and writers interesting. Dr Newman has not forgotten to pay tribute to Sir Walter and, in his own way, so has George Borrow.

On Dr. Newman's standing as a poet, Birrell has some keen sayings. He holds that the Verses, in their intense sincerity, reduce all human feelings, whether fed on dogmas and holy rites, or on man's own heart, to a common denominator.

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.

The Believer can often not say more. The Unbeliever will never willingly say less. Then he adds: "That we have two such religious poets as Cardinal Newman and Miss Christina Rossetti, is, or ought to be, matter for sincere rejoicing."

My readers will be delighted to know—what, it may be, they did not know before—that, recalling the death of Lord Lucan, and the battle of Balaklava, both Captain Nolan, who carried the fateful order to the Six Hundred, and Lieutenant Dunn, who was declared the "bravest of the brave," in that fearful charge, and decorated by the Queen's own hands for deeds of gallantry, were Toronto boys.

This valuable information was furnished the *Ottawa Citizen*, by "Mufti," a writer whose own name is known far and wide by the historical, biographical, and statistical books which he has written or compiled. He it is also who, a week ago, wrote a short review of the honourable and bright career of the late William Alexander Foster, whose name is forever linked with "Canada First," but whose death has been strangely overlooked outside of Ontario.

While yet a student, William Foster began his public life, with the late Chief Justice Moss, W. J. Rattray, the historian of the "Scot in Canada," and others, by contributing to a humorous weekly called the *Grumbler*, published in Toronto by the now famous Erastus Wiman. In 1869 he issued his pamphlet, "Canada First or the New Nationality," which led to the establishment of the "Canada First" party, that lasted until 1878.

I had set aside three short poems from my reading, signed Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts. Upon inquiry I find that she is a young sister of her brother, that is a poet himself—the author of "Orion" and "In Divers Tones." The titles of these three pieces of verse are "First Snow," "Meadow Lilies" and "A Secret Song." My readers will have the pleasure of reading them, one by one, beginning right here with the last, from the November *Century*—

A SECRET SONG.

O snowbird! snowbird!
Welcome thy notes when maples are bare;
Thy merry twitter, thy emphatic call,
Like silver trumpets pierce the freezing air,
What time the radiant flakes begin to fall.
We know thy secret. When the day grows dim,
Far from the homes that thou hast cheered so long,
Thy chirping changes to a twilight hymn!
O snowbird! snowbird, wherefore hide thy song!

O snowbird! snowbird!
Is it a song of sorrow none may know,
An aching memory? Nay, too glad the note!
Untouched by knowledge of our human woe,
Clearly the crystal flutings fall and float,
We hear thy tender ecstasy and cry,
"Lend us thy gladness that can brave the chill!"
Under the splendours of the winter sky,
O snowbird, snowbird, carol to us still.

In reply to a query, Charles Dana, of the *N. Y. Sun*, himself a skilful writer, says that, by common consent, Dr. Newman is the great living master of a pure, idiomatic, luminous, elegant English style. He next names Thackeray, Hawthorne, George Ripley, Dr. Channing, Matthew Arnold, John Fiske, and only a few others. I do not agree with him about Bancroft, whose style is stilted, and wonder that he left out Dr. Brownson, the best writer of English prose in the United States.

On the cover of our last number there is a pretty picture called "The Favourite," the subject being drawn from falconry. I have often wondered why that sport has not been introduced in America, where that of carrier pigeons is so successful and popular. In England the training of these birds is almost as general as in the Middle Ages, and there are frequent references to it in our modern literature, and, chiefly, the two pets, the goshawk and peregrine. No image, however, can surpass that of Juliet, on parting from Romeo, in the garden of the Capulets. Waving her hand from the high balcony, as her lover crosses the garden, she exclaims:—

O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

TALON.

DAY DREAMS.

BY ACUS.

Of hopes, none more lovely to lure us
Than they that but blossom to die;
And of fears, none more dread in the distance
Than they that are bubbles when by.

Of tunes, there are none like the old tunes
That live in the spirit, though dead!
And of places, none fair as the far ones,—
The near no enchantment can shed.

Of loves,—Ah! there's none like the first love,
Like the glory of spring-time, that glows;
But what comrade can yield the communion
The soul with itself only knows.

Of laughter, there's none like the laughter
That shrinks ne'er to pass the lips' bound;
And of sighs, there are none like the silent
That lie in the heart without sound.

Of words, the most freighted are spoken
To ears that are lifeless and cold;
But when silence would veil the emotion,
More deep it appears than when told.

Of dreams, there are none like the day-dreams,
What might be beclouds things that be;
And a light, far more radiant than daylight,
Is a light "ne'er on land nor on sea."

A MOTHER'S TEARS.

It may be only a Barlow knife with a rusty blade and a broken point, or it may be a peg top half split down the middle, or only half a dozen battered spools on a knotted string. But there it lies, whatever it is, stowed carefully away in the far off corner of the bureau drawer, under a yellow pile of little linen and stockings, patched and darned at heel and at knee, but all the gems of Golconda can not buy them; no, nor the gold of all the wide world size their preciousness. For they are the holy of the holies.

It is not often she looks upon the treasure there, but once in a while, sometimes, the time when a knock comes to the heart, that comes to mothers' hearts alone, like the famished and thirsty, she goes to the nest of her jewels. Slowly, with soft hands, the little linens are laid aside, and slowly, with trembling hands, the knife, the top, or the string of dingy spools are drawn forth. Ah, how gently they are pressed to the hearts and lips? What words are they saying, what sad, sweet songs are they singing! Kissed and cried on, and cried on and kissed. Then yearningly, reluctantly clinging, back they go to their nest in the far off corner, and the yellowing little linens are put back one by one. All alone, jealous that mortal eyes should see her worship at the shrine, the drawer is closed, and she who knelt before it, comes to earth once more.



E. J. Price is likely to succeed the late Mr. Ross as Senator.

Sir David and Lady Macpherson have started on a trip to England.

Sir Charles Tupper has been chosen by the British Government to negotiate a treaty with Spain.

The Hudson's Bay Company have chosen Sir Donald Smith to succeed the late Sir John Rose as deputy governor.

Commander Smith will once more take the "Parisian" to England before settling in Canada as chairman of the Dominion Board of Masters and Mates.

Capt. Miles Standish, who came over in the "Mayflower" in 1620, has a direct descendant in Waldeboro', Mexico. His name is Miles W. Standish and he has a son who is also named Miles.

Mr. Macfarlane, Dominion analyst, attended a meeting of the International Geological Congress in London, lately, where he advocated the appointment of a National Canadian Committee separate from that of the United States. The proposal was agreed to, and Dr. Robert Bell was appointed as chairman.

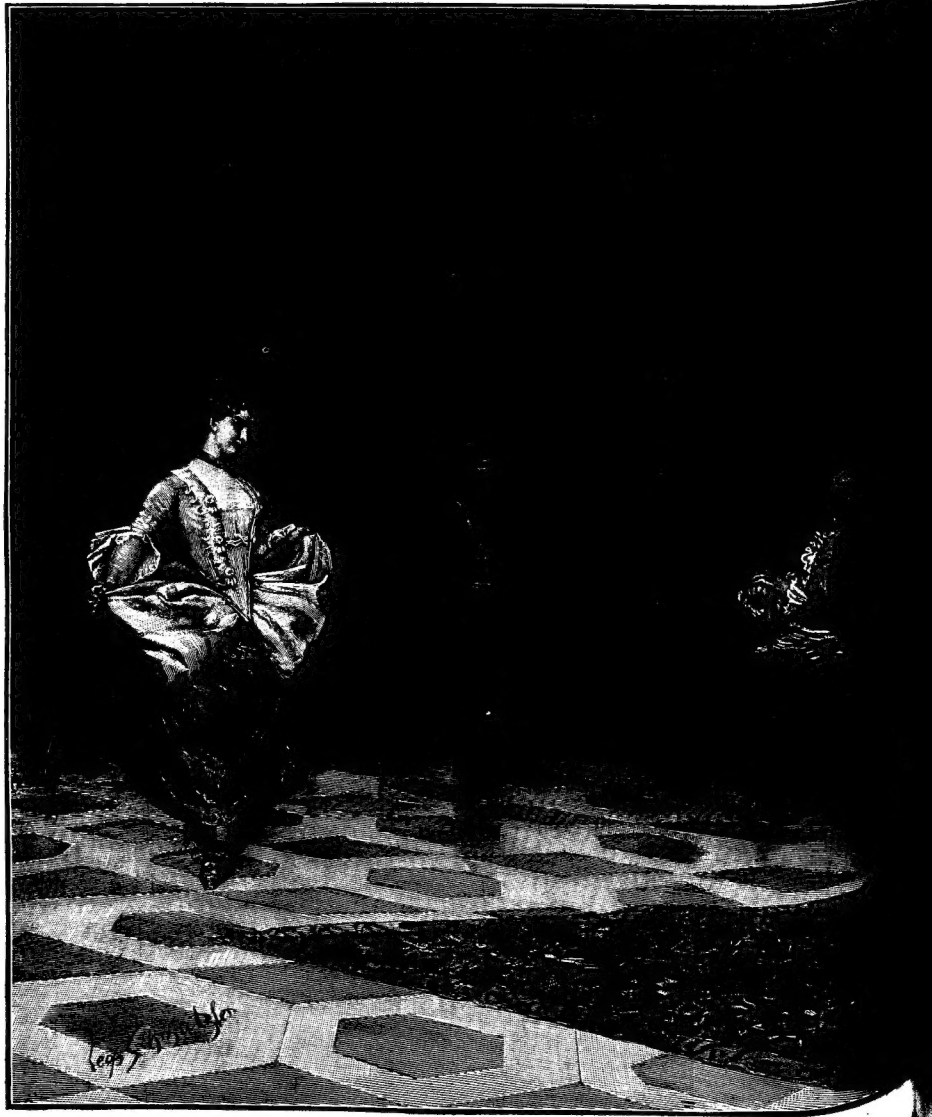
WELCOME TOOTS.

Yes, the dinner-horn surely, then the rush for outer garments, laid aside on account of the heat, by the boy and men folk; then the rush to the stone basin just below the mountain spring, by the girl and woman folk, there to take off the wide hats, smooth down the hair, and wash the dust and "Adamic dew," from the warm and blooming faces. All ready; now we are off to dinner. Not home, that would be too far, nor would it be a healthy exercise, just after a good dinner, to climb the "high hill," to the plateau where our work lies. No, but just at a little distance, is a spacious hall, which, with its surroundings, would have pleased Semiramis herself. A beautiful level space, then a romantic valley, both well wooded with maple, birch and beech, the sweetest and cleanest of all trees. Across the valley rises a pile of dark grey rocks; here and there all up its rugged front, are spots of foliage where the autumn winds have repeatedly hidden their spoil which, like the hidden secret, has sprung up to wave in grasses, and bloom in flowers fair as those on the plain, and in the valley below; and over all the song of birds finishes up the list of enchantments. They say that we have no singing birds in Canada. I would just like to have those who have said so dine with us to-day. But we are hungry, where is the dinner? Just here; a long table, covered with a longer white cloth, home-made benches on either side, a rustic chair, at the head; at the foot, stand the mother and elder sister, the one setting out plates, etc., the other uncovering steaming dishes brought from the home. Tea or coffee? Yes, for the elders; for the boy and girl, milk, cooled, if so desired, in the aforesaid spring where the peppermint and spearmint, brought from the garden, and dropped there, taking root, grew all around, and where our old acquaintance, the great green frog, sat on the flat stone, ready to jump into the cool water, in which he could by no means hide himself, but has to be content with blinking at the faces down beside him, or darting about and mixing up faces and sunbeams generally.

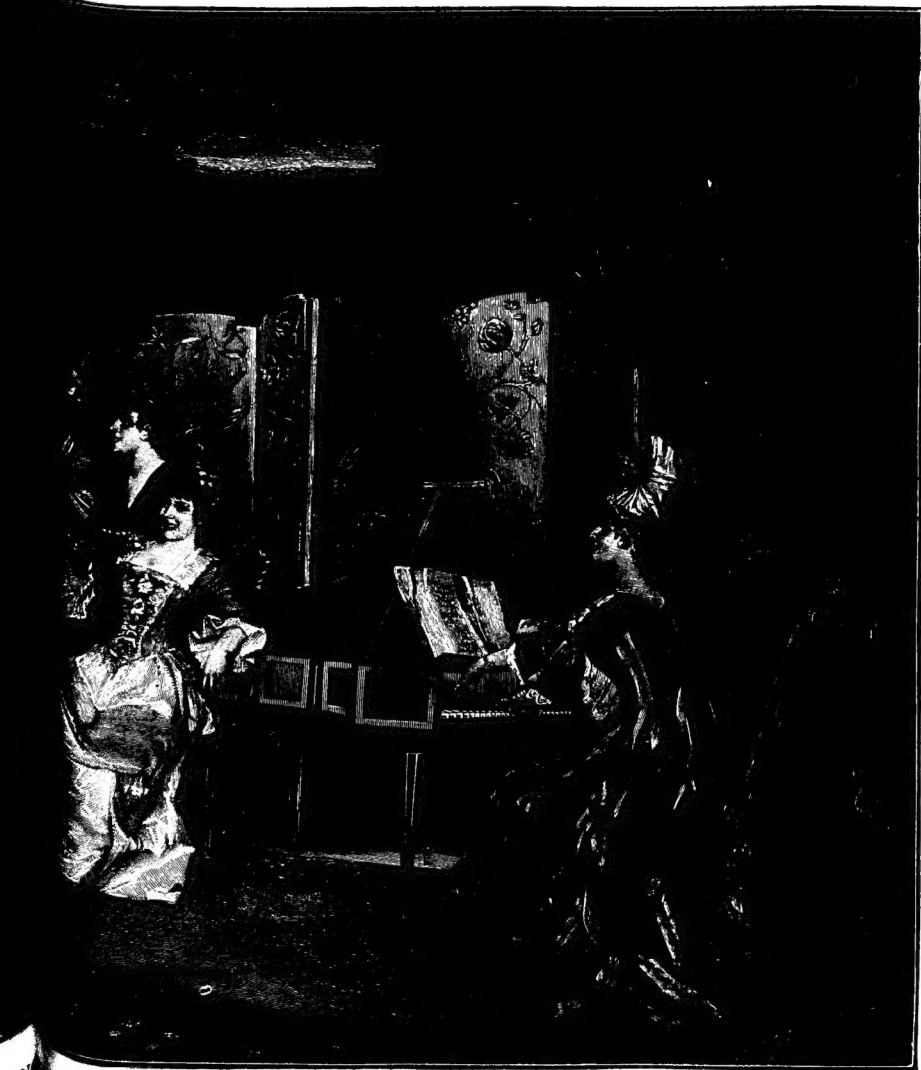
But dinner is getting cold. All in our places, blessing asked, and good things dispensed. Pleasant conversation goes round. No black bull's head on that table, neither are farm implements, fence-rails, or depredating cattle laid before us; no, we have perfect rest and enjoyment; some incident from the old home over the sea, the story in the *Montreal Transcript*, the latest poem by Longfellow, or some other such topic, filled up the time, while whisking around, and over our feet, enjoying our gifts, are the bright little chipmunks, a constant source of pleasure and amusement, while high up in the trees above, their more distant and lofty kinsfolk, the wood squirrels, are chattering at, and soundly rating, their more humble minded, and so more fortunate relatives.

Kindergarten.

ZENOBI.



THE DANCE
From the painting



DAN
LESSON.
Schmutzer.

Something in the Wild West.

A WEIRDITY.

BY WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

I.

It was a dark, miserable night. The wind was howling round the "Golden Eagle," a shanty established for the despoliation of benighted travellers, and situated somewhere upon the road between Los Angeles and New York City, and the old sign, which hung over the entrance, was tossed furiously from side to side. The rain descended in torrents, and, in fact, to lapse into quotation: "The rain it came down in such sheets as would stagger a Bard for simile short of Niagara."

The poor eagle, so mercilessly kept awake, moaned on its hinges, as if grumbling at such treatment; the inexorable wind, however, with no respect for old age and infirmity, and determined that she should soar, continued to fling her remorselessly up to a height that threatened completely somersaulting her, a performance wholly beneath the dignity of any respectable eagle. Ever and anon the distant rumble of thunder was audible, and the darkness was rendered more sombre by a vivid flash of lightning. Altogether it was just such a night as should usher into the world a story like this, in which startling incidents are continually being totally eclipsed by events still more exciting, till the entranced reader becomes absolutely bewildered and horror-stricken.

In the parlour of the "Golden Eagle" three men were seated at a table drinking, smoking and playing euchre. The reader may note that when three villains are thus discovered met together in solemn conclave, they are always engaged in the three things enumerated above. Three desperate-looking individuals they were; beetled-browed, every one of them; top-booted; hatted in the usual low-slouching hats, which all genuine villains affect, and armed to the teeth, or, rather, each had a fairly decent armoury about his middle.

Suddenly a horse was heard galloping down the road. The villains started to their feet, threw down their cards, gave each other some dreadfully significant winks, and shook hands across the table in ratification of some unspoken but terrible vow. They then reseated themselves and resumed their game in silence. A few minutes afterward a figure, habited in a long black cloak, plentifully bespattered with mud, and somewhat the worse for wear, entered the room. His features were entirely concealed by the broad rim of his sombrero, which was drawn over his face, and the upturned collar of his cloak. His spurs jingled ominously, and, as he strode to the table, he made noise enough in his progress for a whole regiment of dragoons, all booted and spurred. He gave the usual quick glance of suspicion at the card party, and then whispered, hoarsely, "Hush!" at the same moment bringing his riding whip heavily down upon the table, as if to emphasize the remark. This action made the glasses rattle again, and had quite a contrary effect from that which might reasonably have been expected. Instead of producing a death-like stillness, it caused quite a disturbance. The three players started to their feet, and in an instant the intruder was covered with three revolvers, and became also the target of a volley of caustic humour, of a Rabelaisian flavour.

"Pray, be seated, gentlemen," said the stranger, waving his hand, upon the third finger of which, in massive setting, sparkled a gem, rivalling the Kooh-in-noor in size and brilliancy, in the direction of the vacant chairs. "Do not allow me to disturb the dove-like calm which reigned in your bosoms a few moments ago. I have no desire to break up this meeting. I merely want to let the landlord know that I have arrived, so make yourselves easy. I have no wish to diminish your number—therefore be calm."

"You want the landlord, do yer?" cried one of the trio, stepping half a pace forward, and vainly endeavouring to obtain a glimpse of the stranger's face. "Well, I guess I'm the boss here, and next

time yer request to honour me with yer delightful company, don't knock as if I lived in Hong-Kong. What d'ye want, anyway?"

"Oh! you're the boss, eh? Happy to make your acquaintance. But come, my dearest friend, is this the way you generally receive your guests? Put down those firearms; they interrupt the free interchange of civilities. By my broad acres in"—the stranger paused, and the villains exchanged mysterious glances—"in—in—somewhere," he added, parenthetically, the exact situation of his estate having momentarily slipped his memory, "I think you show extremely bad taste in this matter, my worthy host. 'Pon my soul I do You ask me what I want. This establishment, I presume, dispenses refreshment for man and beast? I thought so. I'm dreadfully thirsty and would feel obliged to you for a brandy and soda."

The inn-keeper grinned. This unsophisticated traveller amused him.

In the interests of the story, the villains now invited the stranger to join them in a game of euchre. He readily complied, and, divesting himself of his hat and cloak, stood revealed, unarmed, before them. He then seated himself, and laid upon the table at his elbow an enormous pocket-book, bursting with bills for considerable amounts. Poor lamb! The hawks fell upon him almost immediately. He won for a short time and then kept on losing heavily, but was as blithe as a lark, and seemed to positively relish parting with his green-backs. He had no small change, and was continually being extremely obliged with change for a \$20 bill. At last the other players were quite cleaned out of small change, but elated with their evening's amusement. Then the stranger rose to proceed on his journey, having a particular appointment to keep at some distant town.

What! Was their pigeon to depart half plucked? Were they so inhospitable as to permit him to leave them on such a night as this?—and take with him the remainder of those bills? No, a thousand times, no! But our hero had anticipated them, and stood, hatted and cloaked, with his back to the entrance, with folded arms, like the brave he was, glaring defiance into the hungry faces looking into his. Why did they not immediately despatch him? Why?—because all melodramatic villains have so much to say; because they are strictly conservative in their ideas, and stick to the old traditions. He was perfectly defenceless, but he had the courage of a lion. To say he gave back oath for oath would be but giving a very inadequate idea of his rhetorical powers and fecundity of ideas in any emergency. He was simply a past master, a transcendentalist in the art of using bad language. His originality was astounding. He never repeated any of his adjectival phrases, and his manner of delivering himself was perfectly unique.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

What's that? A woman at the window, with a smoking pistol in each hand. She has shattered every article on the mantel shelf. In another moment she is in the room and at the side of our hero.

The reader may be curious to know from whence we have produced this Amazon, who appears so opportunely at this stage of our proceedings. We have not the slightest idea. She is the heroine. We have got our hero into a very perilous position, for it is not likely that these villains would argue forever, and it is our duty to extricate him therefrom. This lady is the *deus ex machina*, and is necessary to the action of the story. Where she was before making her sudden appearance at the window we cannot tell. Possibly in the rain.

It is her rôle to strike a noble attitude, utter some noble sentiments in the blank verse of the Wild West, cock her revolver at the villains, link her arm in our hero's, and waltz out, all of which she does.

II.

A few minutes later our hero and heroine were upon the back of his black charger galloping through the night. She was swung upon the

saddle before him. He had flung the reins upon his horse's back, and clasped her slight form in his strong arms.

Poor, nervous little fairy! She fainted after her exertions. The sustaining influence of intense horror evaporated and left her weak and sobbing—in a word, limp. The motion of the horse did not tend to decrease her distress, and, having placed a good distance between himself and his late companions, our hero slackened his pace.

"Darling!" she whispered (these familiarities are always permissible between hero and heroine) when she had partially recovered her breath, "give me a nip—" The effort of speech was too much for exhausted frame, and she sank, panting, again into his arms.

He squeezed the fleshy part of her arm gently in answer. The effect was electrical. Her soft, small palm smote him across his cheek with a force that somewhat surprised him.

"No, not that, stupid. But just ever such a wee nip—of brandy!" This was quite articulate. She was rapidly "coming to."

He handed her his pocket-flask, which held about three pints, and was full to the neck with undiluted spirit. A few minutes afterward a sharp exclamation rang out upon the startled air. It was a cry like that of a man in most acute agony, and echoed and re-echoed among the adjacent woods. It was "Whoa, Emma!" and was jerked from the agonized soul of our hero. He was addressing his fair preserver, not his faithful steed, and the remark was accompanied by a convulsive grasp of the flask. She released it with a deep-drawn sigh. A rift in the clouds shed just light enough to enable him to see that half the contents of the flask had been absorbed by his fair companion.

"Great Scott!" he cried in astonishment. The deeds of this unprotected female within the short period of their acquaintance had impressed him as being altogether phenomenal. He had conceived the idea that she must be a person of some notoriety in that district, and her last exploit convinced him it was no mere fallacy. It was with some warmth, therefore, that he asked: "Who are you, pray?"

Our heroine, although a child of the West and denied the opportunities afforded to her sex in the crowded centres of civilization, where books on etiquette are to be had for a nominal sum, still had some vague notions of the proprieties, for she replied, evasively: "The heroine of this story, bet yer life. And who may you be?"

"Something in the Wild West," he replied, mournfully. "That is all I can tell you. Although naturally of a confiding disposition, there are certain family reasons which oblige me to travel *incog*. I cannot say definitely who or what I am. My liberty—possibly my life—is in danger. I am hunted down by desperate, remorseless blackguards. Of course, all will soon be cleared up satisfactorily, and the world will see me in my true character; but till then, for further particulars of me, see police notices and handbills."

She was silent for some time, and then exclaimed, breathlessly: "Is this correct to be flying from our foes? Do heroes in dime novels generally think discretion the better part of valour and bolt, or do they face their enemies and calmly slaughter them, whilst the bullets whizz harmlessly around their own heads, as if they bore charmed lives? Speak, or I faint!"

The latter threat instantaneously dissolved any hesitation he might have displayed, and, in a hoarse whisper, he replied: "Do you—can you—mistrust me, sweet one? Can you mistake me for aught but the hero of this story? I know I don't twirl my moustache savagely; if I had one I would. But I am confident my eyes glare defiance. Do you think my attitude requires a shade more of cynical indifference? If so, I'll have it altered at the next inn we come to, but I positively cannot turn back."

"Why?" she cried, almost fiercely.

"Wal, you see, I guess they've found out by this time that those bills are no good."

She started back from him, and cried, with a

huskiness born of excitement: "And you are—you are?"

"Don't say a counterfeiter," he pleaded, his fine eyes moistening, divining that this imputation, which he feared might, under the circumstances, appear almost justifiable, trembled on her lips.

"I won't! You are a brick, that's what you are! But come; are you not blue-eyed Major Raker, the prince of forgers?"

"No, I am a mystery; one of the peculiar products of the Wild West."

"All right. I don't care much what you are. I must, I suppose, to delude the author, sustain my role and abhor and shrink from you, but, between ourselves, we'll share the 'swag,' eh?"

"You're a wide-awake 'un," he whispered, as he imprinted on her alabaster brow a salute that awoke the echoes of the night and startled his horse into a wild gallop. Then they flew on in silence, save the clatter of the horse's hoofs and the cry of the whip-poor-will.

(To be continued.)

THE GOLDEN DREAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

She sleeps; her head is pillowed where,
On the green turf, with blossoms fair,

The hawthorn blows:

Strange angel maid, for whom this earth
Hath found no dowry from her birth

Save only woes.

But faintly on her youthful face

A sunny smile we still may trace.

Then, lightly tread: she sleeps—'tis well,

Break not her golden vision's spell!

It may be that some gentle strain,
Whose tones the prisoned soul enchain,

Bids her rejoice;

E'en while she sleepeth, she may hear

Fond love-words murmured in her ear,

Sweet memory's voice.

And then the poor deserted child

Seems loved and blest, by dreams beguiled.

Oh! lightly tread: she sleeps—'tis well,

Break not her golden vision's spell!

Alas! that vision must be brief,

And her young heart's o'erwhelming grief

Will be more deep;

Yet on each feature there is peace,—

Ye woodland birds, your warbling cease,

Still let her sleep

And pray we that our Angel's care

May love and guard that maiden fair.

Oh! lightly tread: she sleeps—'tis well,

Break not her golden vision's spell!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

THE ENVY.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGENE SUE.)

A tourist who had through run the *Blaisois* in the running of the year 1828, in himself rendering from Blois to the little city of *Pont-Brillant*, for there to visit, according the ways of voyagers, the castle of this name, sumptuous and feudal residence of ancient marquis of Pont Brillant, must necessarily have passed a farm situate upon the border of road propinquate, and one league around of the castle.

This battlement completely isolated to the middle of woods and fallows could, by hazard, to attract the attention of the voyager; one had without doubt contemplated with an admixture of sadness and disgust as one of numerous specimens of shabby of habitations rural of the country, when even they appertained to of persons enjoying of a grand easiness. In effect the farm itself composed of a battlement of exploitation, of which the dependencies formed two long wings in return; the interior of this species of parallelogram trunked, itself served of court and was fitted of muck-hill stagnating in waters infected; for the cowerly, the stable and the sheepery themselves opened upon this compilement of unclean, where themselves made merry in the dirt all sorts of animal domestics since of hens unto porks.

[It is not till you try it, as our contributor has done, by word-for-word version, that one can understand the thorough difference there is between the structural syntax of Latin French and the Saxon English.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]



We have in Montreal a German scholar who devotes himself to theological studies, and is the author of several works on different phases of that important study. We have to thank him for the copy of a handsome volume on the Correspondence of M. Cyriacus Spangenberg,* one of the lights of the Lutheran Church, in the middle of the 16th century. The bulk of these letters are in German, but there are many in Latin, and such distinguished names as Melancthon, Manzel, Joachim Morlin, Beyer, the Duke of Mecklenburg, Catharine, Countess of Schwarzburg, and several others. The first part contains from 1570 to 1573, and the second from 1573 to 1584. In these latter, more especially, Spangenberg lets us into the secret of the hostility which he has incurred on account of his opinions and writings. The spirit of the man is found in the letter to Beier, 1562, which the editor gives as a supplement: *Conservet Deus omnipotens pusillum secum gregem * * * addat is calcar et robur, ut confidenter omnibus non recte in fidei incendentibus via resistamus; donec carne soluti ad beatiora loca migremus.*

We are glad to see our friend, J. Theo. Robinson, with whose business ability and literary taste we are well acquainted, go into the publication of cheap reprints of popular works, and putting them within reach of the most modest purse. The list of those on our table, as we write, will show that the Montreal publisher knows what choice to make, at nominal prices ranging from 25 to 30 cents, a larger work such as the latest published, "John Ward, Preacher," by Margaret Deland, being low at 40 cents. The books are: "A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder," a book of original power; "The Quick or the Dead," by Amélie Rives, a very brilliant novel; "From 18 to 20," in which the problem of the tender passion is summed up in these lines, in the last page of all:—

I never thought to know what I have known,—

The rapture, dear, of being loved by you;

I never thought, within my heart, to own

One wish so blest that you should share it too.

Then we have the almost classic adventure in "The Adventures of Captain John Mackra," and the popular "Letters from Heaven."

We have already called attention, in these columns, to the pamphlet entitled "An Irish Evolution,"† by Watson Griffin, author of "Twok." Like all the writings of this author, the present is original and the conclusions he comes to are reasoned with logical force. The title applies only in the second half to Ireland, as the first half is devoted to the study of Home Rule as brought about by confederation in Canada. Mr. Griffin's views on the solution of the Irish problem are wise and feasible, and we fully expect to hear of his work being quoted in high quarters, even in the British House of Commons.

There is nothing we like better than the sight of a school book, well edited, well printed and well bound. The pleasure is enhanced when the books are home made and meant for our schools. If people are only knew of the existence of such helps they would use them more widely and encourage authors and publishers to continue in their good work. We have on our table a little collection of seven books to whom these remarks apply in their full meaning, published by Dawson Brothers. One is the "Dominion Phrase Book," a good good students' companion for practically acquiring the French and English languages, by P. J. Darey, M.A., professor of French language and literature at McGill. The manual is graduated in four parts—vocabulary, dialogues, idiomatic phrases and proverbs, and this is a new edition of 1888.

*Die Briefwechsel des M. Cyriacus Spangenberg. Gesammelt und bearbeitet von Heinrich Rembe, ev. luth. Pastor zu Montreal. Dresden. 1888.

†An Irish Evolution, Home Rule from an American standpoint. By Watson Griffin, 8vo, pp. 19.

Another work is the "Principles of French Grammar," wherein the same author uses his long experience in a lucid and simple exposition of French grammar. The material appearance of the volume is quite handsome, and so is that of a larger work, from Professor Darey, "Cours de Lectures Françaises," where the choice and tasteful variety are maintained throughout. We have caught ourselves reading the masterpieces of French prose and verse out of it with all a student's zest. Dawson Brothers have likewise an "Elementary French Grammar" and a selection of "Readings," in two pretty volumes, by N. Duval, B.A., teacher of French in the schools of the Protestant Commissioners. These are very useful books, the fruit of successful teaching. Professor Duval has a couple more juvenile French courses. It is to be hoped that the Messrs. Dawson will be encouraged to multiply periodical editions of these useful helps to language.

A book in shorthand. In these days, when so many are interested in shorthand and its literature, we feel sure that the announcement that there will shortly be published a volume entitled "The Idylls of the Kings," by Lord Alfred Tennyson, in shorthand, by Arthur G. Doughty, will be hailed with no ordinary pleasure by a large number of students and devotees of the art. We have seen an advanced copy, which is a very handsome and artistic volume, the shorthand characters being admirably formed throughout, the illustrations contributed by Miss E. Warren, of Montreal, reflecting great credit on that lady's talent. The volume is decidedly an *édition de luxe*. There seems nothing more certain than that "the unexpected" is always happening, and we certainly never anticipated, when reading and rejoicing over the great poem on its first appearance, that we should one day be called upon to re-read it in shorthand. We think all lovers of the art will feel much indebted to Mr. Doughty for the labour he has evidently expended on this work, and for associating shorthand with such a noble poem, we have no doubt the book will be much sought after.

MILITIA NOTES.

The Royal Grenadiers, of Toronto, were formed in 1863, when they got their colours from the ladies of that city. They saw service in the Fenian raid of 1866, and the N.W. revolt of 1885, where they were foremost at Batoche.

The Imperial War Office have really adopted the *Martini* magazine attachment invented by Capt. Greville Harston, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, Toronto. The statement is semi-officially made in the *United Service Gazette* and other papers.

The ladies of Toronto, on the 13th inst., presented the Royal Grenadiers their old colours redecored, and with the word "Batoche" wrought on the silk. It is the only Ontario regiment having that privilege. General Middleton was present and made a neat little speech.

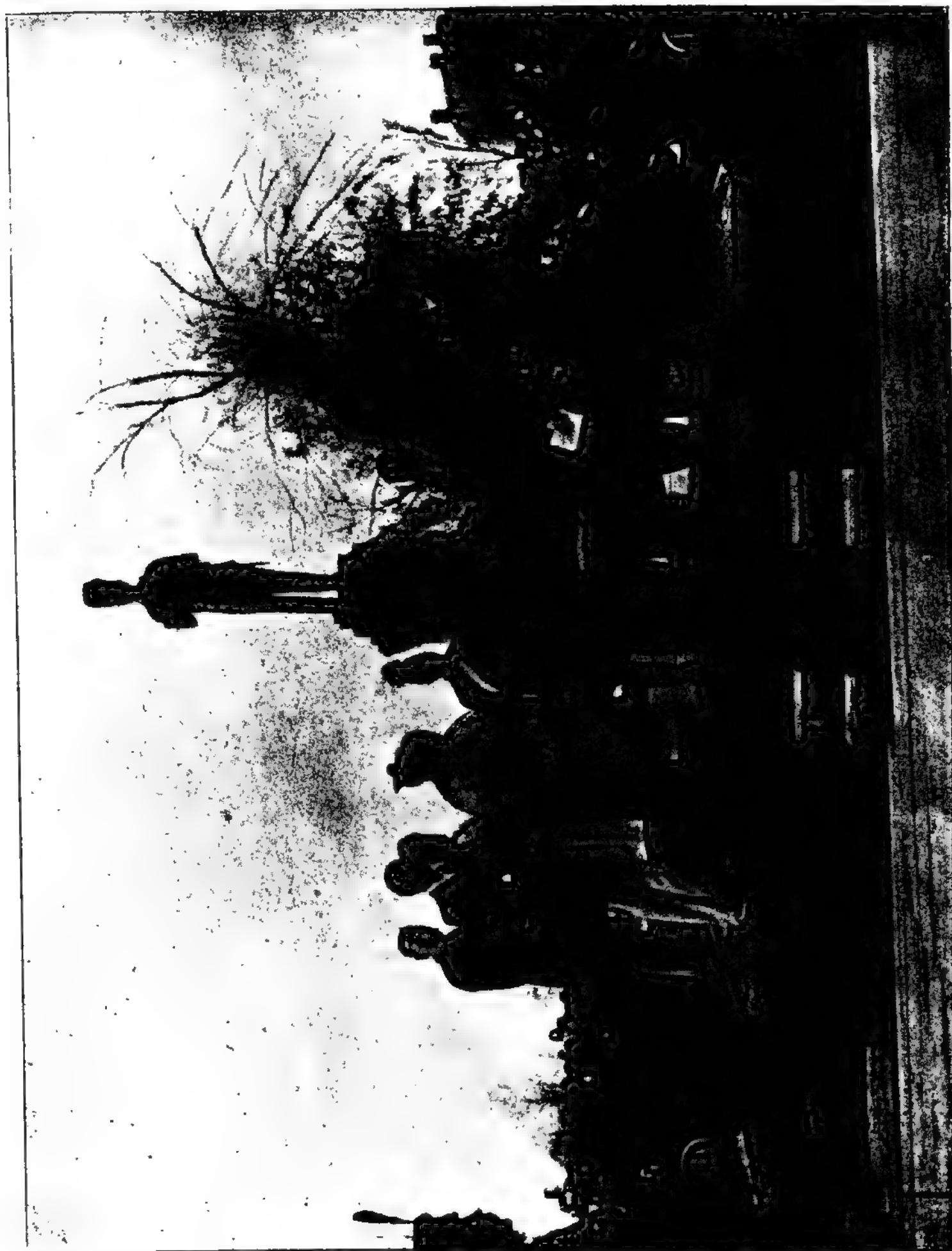
Lieut.-Colonel Oswald, who for many years commanded the Montreal Brigade of Garrison Artillery, was, on the occasion of his retirement, presented with a handsome oil painting of himself as a mark of the regard and affection entertained toward him by the officers and men of the corps.

It is the intention of the Government to establish a permanent Mounted Police post at Batoche, N.W.T. Plans and specifications for buildings to accommodate twenty men are now being prepared by the Department of Public Works. Fifteen men have been stationed at Batoche for some time past.

Lieut.-Colonel Ross, ex-M.P., is dead. He represented Prince Edward county in the Federal Parliament from 1863 to 1878. In 1863 he and Mr. Bog, now Lieut.-Col. Bog, organized the 16th Batt., and he was at once appointed Colonel, and retained the command up to 1883, when he resigned.

Lieut.-Colonel Bond, of the Prince of Wales Rifles, has received the following reply to the congratulations sent by his regiment to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his birthday:—"Sandringham, November 9. I thank the regiment sincerely for kind congratulations. PRINCE OF WALES."

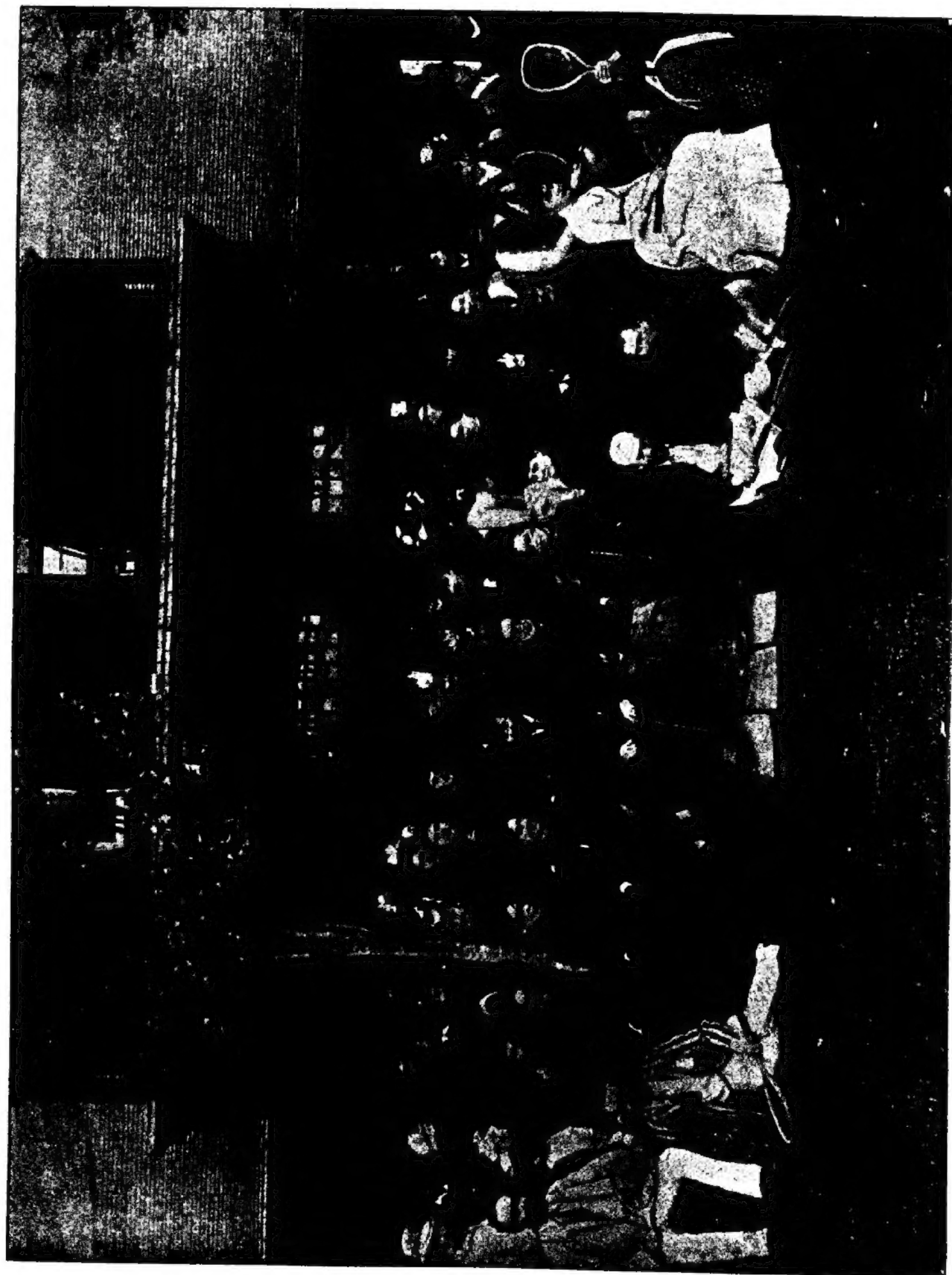
We agree with the *Canadian Militia Gazette*, in regard to Capt. Harston's success with his new rifle, that: "His Canadian friends will, we are sure, be glad to hear of his success in securing its adoption by the War Office, a circumstance not only creditable to him but to the Canadian militia, concerning the interests of which he yields to none in enthusiasm. It is reversing the usual order for Great Britain to be taking pattern from Canada."



JACOB ERRATT, ACTING MAYOR. BISHOP LEWIS. GEN. MIDDLETON. SIR A. P. CARON, M. OF MIL. F. NEWBY, SEC. OF COM. W. H. ROWLEY, TREAS. OF COM. CHAS. MAGES, PRES. OF COM. LT.-COL. W. POWELL, AUT. GEN. LORD STANLEY.

INAUGURATION OF THE SHARPshootERS MONUMENT, OTTAWA, By His Excellency Lord Stanley of Preston, on the 1st instant.

From a photograph by Topley.



RECEPTION GIVEN TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES LORD AND LADY STANLEY,
By the Ottawa Tennis Club.

From a photograph by Topley.



BURKE'S WIFE.—Burke was sustained amid the anxiety and agitation of public life by domestic felicity. "Every care vanishes," he said, "the moment I enter under my own roof!" His description of his wife is too long to quote. Of her beauty he said that it did not arise from features, from complexion, or from shape, but from an union of all perfect gifts.

THE SHOPPING PARTY.—The shopping party is the latest amusement in Paris. Under the guidance of a fashionable conductor, parties of ladies meet and go hunting for bargains through out-of-the-way bric-a-brac shops. Shopping parties might be adopted generally as a holiday sport, though they might be a source of inconvenience to the single shopper.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.—There is a complaint that the new movement among women has produced a dearth of the maiden aunt. Instead of devoting her time and strength to the need of her relatives, she is writing, or clerking, or teaching, or in any other direction devoted to the enlargement of her sphere: all of which is pleasant for the maiden aunt, but inconvenient for her relatives, who feel an affectionate claim upon her services without pay.

A PAPER HOUSE.—Atlanta, Ga., has a paper house. No wood, brick, iron or other material is used about the building. It is a neat little store, painted sky-blue, and was erected by a Frenchman who is agent for the paper of which it is constructed. The rafters, the weather boarding, the roof and the flooring are all made of thick, compressed paper boards, impervious to water and as durable as wood. The house cannot catch fire as easily as a wooden building, because the surface of the paper is smooth and hard.

COLOURS.—Brown and blue are decidedly the popular colours of the season in woman's dress and house decoration. Leaving out the sky there is less blue in nature than in any other colour. It is peculiarly a "heavenly" colour and Madonnas are always robed in it. In the Roman Catholic Church blue is "the Blessed Virgin's colour," and every young lady attending a convent school is required to have at least one blue dress. In many of the old countries when a child dies a blue forget-me-not is placed in its hand, emblematic of its heavenward flight.

WOMEN CAN ECONOMIZE.—Economy indeed! Why, most women have forgotten more about the subject than any man, except a miser, ever knew. The miser makes economy a profession and practices until he is perfect, but among unprofessionals, that is amateurs, the wife can reduce expenses so pleasantly and gracefully that the husband thinks his salary has been increased. If he attempts to do it, he fills the house with smoke from cheap coal, gives the children watered milk until they can no more stand on end than a piece of rubber, and makes the household feel that the best thing they can do is to starve to death.

THE WEATHER PLANT.—That remarkable specimen of the vegetable world, the "weather plant," continues to excite considerable interest in London. Men of science now agree that the shrub is prophetic. Thirty-two thousand trials made during the last three years tend to prove its infallibility. The plant itself is a vegetable called the "Paternoster-pea," or *Arbutus Peregrinus*. It is a native of Corsica and Tunis. Its leaf and twig strongly resemble those of the acacia. The more delicate leaves of its upper branches foretell the state of the weather forty-eight hours in advance, while its lower and harder leaves indicate all atmospheric changes three days beforehand. The indications consist in a change in the position of the leaves, and in the rise and fall of the twigs and branchlets.

SCULPTURE AND STATUARY.

Mr. Percy Wood, after his father, Marshall Wood, is half a Canadian, through his works, and therefore deserves more than a passing notice, in connection with the unveiling of the Sharpshooters' Memorial, at Ottawa, a representation of which is given in our present issue. The following notes were furnished the editor by the artist himself, and have the merit of accuracy. They will also be found interesting.

Mr. Percy Wood has identified himself with the Indians of North America for many years, having become an adopted chief of the turtle clan of the Upper Mohawks under the sounding title of Rah-rih-wa-pas-de (The Lasting One). The national memorial to Brant and Six Nations at Brantford, Ont., was executed by Mr. Wood, after winning a competition open to the world. It is the largest work of its kind on this side of the Atlantic. All of the statues were cast from bronze cannon.

Mr. Wood was in Buffalo lately in connection with the Red Jacket Memorial, which is soon to be raised under the auspices of the Buffalo Historical Society. This society has been in communication with Mr. Wood concerning the matter for four years; and a fortnight ago two very elaborate models for the proposed monument were placed in the Historical rooms. One design shows a column of marble rising from a square base. Surmounting the column, seated in his council chair and dressed in his robes of state, is the renowned chief. In one hand he holds the pipe of peace. The medal presented him by General Washington is worn on his breast. Although in a small model of this kind the fine touches are omitted, this statue evinces a correctness of form and artistic finish which characterize all of Mr. Wood's work. A frieze at the top of the column is a design of crossed pipes, tomahawks, spears and totems of the Six Nations, the wolf, bear, deer, turtle, etc. The inscription appears on one side of the column. The sub base is pyramidal in form. At each of the corners stands a statue in bronze of a prominent chief of the Six Nations. One each side is a bas-relief executed in bronze, representing an important episode in the life of Red Jacket.

The other model is, to say the least, single of its kind. Whatever else may be said regarding it, it certainly possesses the great charm of originality. It is a wigwam wholly of bronze. The poles supporting it appear at the top. The bark and skins are carried out in detail, and it is a most realistic piece of work. Through the large opening is seen a group of the old Indian chiefs. Red Jacket stands in the centre looking out of the wigwam. Sitting about him are five chiefs of the other tribes, all in picturesque attitudes. Some of the poses are life-like to a remarkable degree.

The first model has the advantage of being appreciated from a distance, being equally beautiful from all sides. The design last mentioned would perhaps attract more attention in the end, and would be preferred by many as something entirely uncommon and original.

The works at present at Mr. Percy Wood's study include a colossal group of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, to be erected in commemoration of the jubilee, the model of which Mr. Wood has had the honour of submitting to the Queen. It is one block of the finest Crevezza marble, and will be unveiled at Lancaster, Eng., by the Prince of Wales. Another public memorial of much historic interest is the Crawford statue to commemorate the noble acts of Jack Crawford in saving the British fleet at the battle of Camperdown in 1797, by nailing Admiral Duncan's colours to the mast after they had been shot away. Crawford is represented as standing on the mast nailing his colours to it with his old flint-lock pistol.

Among the busts executed by Mr. Wood are those of the Bishop of Adelaide (Dr. Short); Joseph Livesey ("Father of Total Abstinence"); William MacMaster, the Baptist millionaire of Toronto, who founded MacMaster University; Sir Richard Owen, K.C.B., the great anatomist

and palæontologist; and many others, including portrait busts of Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Wood has presented a cast of his bust of Sir Richard Owen to the Buffalo Historical Society, and it is now being set up in the main room.

Another work of Mr. Percy Wood's is a marble bust of "Psyche," a highly idealized subject treated in a most delicate and exquisite manner. Mr. Wood spends a good deal of time on this side each year, and is making arrangements to locate a studio in New York, in which city he intends spending some months in each year. His London study is one of the few really artistic studios in the world.



The last square timber raft of the season was measured by the Cullers' office last week.

Notwithstanding the extremely wet season, the harvest in Nova Scotia has turned out remarkably well.

The new canal at the Canadian Sault will cost from two and a half to three million dollars. The contract calls for its completion by May, 1892.

In future connection between trains of the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial Railways is to be made at Levis instead of at South Quebec as heretofore.

The oldest incorporated business concern in the world is the Hudson's Bay Company, which has had an existence for 225 years. The headquarters of the company are at Winnipeg, Man., and the bulk of the stock is held in England.

The inauguration of the new Canadian College at Rome took place on the 11th inst. The ceremony was imposing. Cardinal Vicar Panocchi presided, and among others present were the British Ambassador, Sir Saville Lumley, Archbishop Fabre, Archbishop Duhamel, Bishop Moreau, Bishop Lorrain, the rectors of the foreign colleges at Rome, the heads of religious orders, a number of the Roman nobility, the Rev. Abbé Colin and the other Canadian priests now at Rome.

Dominion Chief Analyst, Mr. Macfarlane, states that while in Europe he visited the principal food, health and other laboratories in London, Berlin, Freiburg, Munich and Paris. Those of Berlin and Munich struck him as especially well appointed and showing much that is worthy of imitation with regard to apparatus and methods of analysis. In the examination of milk, butter and cheese, he thinks that the Inland Revenue laboratory at Ottawa excels the foreign institutions, both as regards methods and apparatus.

THE FLIRT.

If Time, the god of pleasure,
If Time, the god of tears,
My moments would remeasure,
And give me back my years:
Life's cup I would brim over,
And all old pleasures drain;
But the draught that made me lover
I would not drink again.

Like birds in summer bowers,
That trill their melody,
Hope sang, amid the hours,
Its joyous songs for me;
Till, with her heartless beauty,
She shared my thoughtless feet,
And love transcended duty,
And life grew incomplete.

The bee that sips the flowers,
Leaves golden pollen there,
And soon in sunny hours,
Ripe fruit the blossoms bear.
From her might words have fallen
My life's soul-bud upon,
And borne fruit like the pollen,
Ere was youth's summer done.

But, like the moth that settles
Upon the red rose spray,
And shines its velvet petals,
And eats its heart away,
She fastened on my weakness,
And made my soul her prize,
And slimed my life with bleakness,
And ate my love with lies.

She filled my life with sorrow,
And, laughing, flew away;
Mine was the woeful morrow,
And hers the glad to-day.
The soul within her keeping
Beneath her feet she trod,
But shall some day, with weeping,
Account for it to God!

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

IN MEMORIAM.

Genial sunshine under a cloudless sky, after weeks of rain and gloom, fell like a benediction upon our First of November. Obedient to the musical summons of the church bells, our Roman Catholic brethren, their hearts filled with tender memories, flocked to their intercessory services for the dead, for—

"There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair."

Fondly the human heart clings to the memory of its dead, who, perchance, amid all the alleviation that loving service could render, were forced to encounter that dread mystery, Death. But, when the messengers of the King of Terrors are the shot and shell of the battle field, falling like pitiless rain amid the roar of artillery, the clouds of smoke, the incessant flash of discharging musketry, the groans of the wounded, and, perhaps more terrible than all in its grim incongruity, the profanity of the desperate dying; how immortalized in our very heart of hearts should be the remembrance of those who, in the height of youthful vigour, voluntarily risked and laid down their lives in the maintenance of our laws and the protection of our homes.

A few feet beyond the entrance to our beautiful Major's Hill Park now stands a noble statue in bronze, first introduced to the gaze of our citizens in this bright November afternoon, when the giant Guardsman, with folded hands above his reversed rifle, seemed to bow his head in sad and reverent attention, as our Governor-General, Lord Stanley, with many dignitaries of Church and State, a strong representation of the volunteer militia, and all ages and classes of the inhabitants of Ottawa, gathered to do honour to the memory of "Osgoode and Rogers."

With reviving talk of the rebellion, its cause, and its suppression, our thoughts are carried back to that lovely spring morning, when, amid the gay strains of martial music, our little company of Ottawa Sharpshooters, perhaps scarcely suppressing the manly tear, turned a resolute face from home and friends, and with the outgoing train entered upon an experience that would enrich an ordinary lifetime.

Not without a realization of the solemnity of their position,—though, in laughing chat with lady friends, they spoke of the "grand chance to see the country," and the prospect of a "glorious picnic,"—they admitted, "Some of us, of course, will never come back." Who they were who then turned their backs upon home and friends forever, none might guess. But early one sweet summer morning, when few save the birds and the sunshine were abroad, all that was left of two of that bright band, the silent, coffined clay, was returned for committal to the friendly dust. We speak of them as dead, and yet, when from our aged, nerveless hands the tools of earth's interests shall have dropped; when, one by one, in the words of a brilliant young Canadian, we "lie down and beg our mother to take back the dust she gave," the old Guardsman, still bowing in reverent attention, shall receive, on behalf of the dead heroes he represents, the adulation of the oncoming generations. Osgoode and Rogers have won for themselves an historic name, undying fame, while lives this Canada of ours.

Nor is the noble monument silent toward those who remain. To many it speaks of the Hearer and Answerer of Prayer. To those restored from battle's danger, of the golden opportunities of life, opportunities to erect in the hearts of living millions monuments of gratitude to their Saviour and their God.

Ottawa.

A. C. T.

BANANAS AS FOOD.—It has been found that the banana supplies, in a cheap and convenient form, the nutriment needed for the support of a healthy existence. It has, in a larger degree than almost any other natural product, the elements needed to make good the waste of tissue, and furnish the body with the fuel that it needs. It is said that among working people it is found that a meal made largely of bananas is more sustaining than could be obtained by the expenditure of the same amount of money for other kinds of food.

FLO'S LETTER.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

A sweet little baby brother
I had come to live with Flo,
And she wanted it brought to the table,
That it might eat and grow.
"It must wait awhile," said Grandma,
In answer to her plea,
"For a little thing that hasn't teeth
Can't eat like you and me."

"Why hasn't it got teeth, Grandma?"
Asked Flo, in great surprise.
"O my, but isn't it funny?—
No teeth, but nose and eyes.
I guess," after thinking gravely,
"They must have been forgot.
Can't we buy him some like grandpa?
I'd like to know why not."

That afternoon to the corner,
With paper, pen and ink,
Went Flo, saying, "Don't talk to me;
If you do, it'll sturb my think.
I'm writing a letter, Grandma,
To send away to-night,
An' 'cause it's very 'portant,
I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished,
A wonderful thing to see,
And directed to "God in heaven."
"Please read it over to me."
Said little Flo to her Grandma,
"To see if it's right, you know."
And here is the letter written
To God by little Flo:

"Dear God: The baby you brought us
Is awful nice and sweet,
But 'cause you forgot his toofoes
The poor little thing can't eat.
That's why I'm writing this letter,
A purpose to let you know.
Please come and finish the baby.
That's all. From

"LITTLE FLO."

PEPITA.

FROM ALFRED DE MURSET.

Your mother, at the hour of rest,
Has kissed your cheek so fair,
And, by the lamp-light, half-undrest,
You bow your head in prayer:

But ere the restless soul in sleep
Finds solace for the night,
When, with your hair unbound, you peep
Beneath the bed in fright:

When, by sweet slumber's spell beguiled,
The house to rest is sinking,
O Pépita, my charming child,
Of what, dear, are you thinking?

Who knows? perhaps of some romance
Perfumed with love and youth—
Of Hope's gay visions that entrance,
Until dispelled by Truth;

Perchance of mountains in the moon,
That oft give birth to mice—
Of hearts you mean to conquer soon—
Of bon bons and of spice.

Perhaps, of school-girl friends whose chat
With sentiment is fraught—
Of waltzing and your last new hat—
Perhaps, of me—or night!

Montreal.

GEORGE MURRAY.

VACCINE VIRUS SAUNDERS.—A happy father out on Massachusetts street, Buffalo, had his first child, a girl three months old, vaccinated the other day. "By George, isn't that great!" he exclaimed as he saw the doctor at work. "By Jove, why, I guess I'll call her by that name! Vaccine? Why, that is a girl's name, ain't it? Vaccine Virus Saunders! Capital! People will think we are descended from some old Roman family. Dear little Vaccine!" The mother strongly objected to this appellation for her first born. She wanted it named Imogene; but the father was determined, and Vaccine Virus Saunders she will go through life. Her diminutive will probably be "Vacksy."



The shrewd member of the church choir is the one who, while he says little, always watches his chants.

THE SACKER SACKED.—To British subjects Mr. Cleveland will be known as the man who sacked Sackville. But Mr. Cleveland has himself been sacked.

"Mr. Gladstone is at work on his own autobiography," says a Chicago newspaper. Gladstone is a great man, but he could hardly write another man's autobiography.

Coal and bread are going up; in fact the only things that seem to be coming down are thermometers and cousins who reside up in the country until winter time.

About as useless a thing as there is in this world is the word "obey" in the marriage service. The bad wives won't obey, and the good ones never give their husbands occasion to command them.

Mother (severely)—Willie, you naughty boy! What have you been doing to your cousin Johnny?

Willie (defiantly)—I heard papa say that he hadn't any sand, so I've been filling his mouth with it. Cry-baby!

Local dignitary (addressing the prisoner)—"This, sir, is a serious case, and must be taken to—to—let me see now. Yes, sir, to aveezandum." Prisoner (excitedly)—"Na, na, sir, ye needna tak' it to him. He kens naething about it!"

"I don't say marriage is a failure," said Adam, candidly, as he sat down on a log just outside the garden of Eden, and looked hungrily at the fruit on the other side of the wall, "but if I had remained single this wouldn't have happened."

An astral-echo—"My! what a wet night it is!" said Venus to Minerva, "and how feint the Milky Way is!" "Yes," replied the Goddess of Wisdom, "That clumsy Big Bear has upset the Little Dipper, and a good deal of the water has dropped into the Via Lactea."

Editor—Uncle Rastus, we want another man at the office to help keep things in shape. Do you think you would like the job?

Uncle Rastus—I reckon I wud, Mistah Shears; but I dun know. No man kin tell how he wud like editin' till he tries, sah.

Mr. Dunning was at one of Moody's meetings, when a baby cried. The mother tried in vain to hush the child, and seemed much annoyed.

"Never mind, madam," said Moody. "The baby doesn't disturb me."

"That may be," the woman answered, "but you disturb the baby!"

The maid expects
Her beau to-night,
And fills the stove
With anthracite,
Because the air
Is raw and damp,
But quite forgets
To fill the lamp.

Tourist, to Highland seaman on board steamer passing through Rothesay Bay: "I suppose there is good fishing to be got here at times?" Seaman: "Ferry coot fishing indeed at times. If you'll not get them at wan time you're sure to get them the sametime again." Tourist, who thinks he will change the conversation: "How fast does this boat travel?" Seaman: "She can go half an hour in five minutes."

Dullard—Can a man get damages when he is kicked out of a house?

Brightly—I guess so; I did.

Dullard—How much did it amount to?

Brightly—Well, I had a busted pair of pants, a battered hat, a lame spine, a doctor's bill and a few other trifles I don't recall. Oh, you can get damages enough if you are only kicked enough.

Under a walnut tree they sat;
He held her hand, she held his hat.
I held my breath and lay quite flat—
They kissed—I saw them do it!

He held that kissing was no crime,
She held her head up every time;
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme.
They never knew I knew it.

THE KIDS GREW WEARY.—Laughing over the story recently told about the old Chatham theatre, W. B. Gregg recalls that in 1846 or 1847 an old actor named Kirby was the favourite there. Kirby was strong on melodrama and could die so pathetically that he always captivated the house in that scene. Once he was going through a particularly dull play and a kid in the pit grew weary. Stretching himself for a nap he requested his nearest neighbour in a tone clearly audible, "Wake me up when Kirby dies." The expression raised a hurrah. The curtain was rung down and Kirby was obliged to make a speech. "Wake me up when Kirby dies" was a Bowery expression from that time down to a very short time ago.



My kingdom! 'what a gus' ob win' dis is! Spee' dar am a slycone gwine ter strike.



Dar! Dat was a slycone, shuah! I nebber sposed dey struck all in one spot like dat yet.

DON'T USE THESE WORDS.

Cute, for acute.
 Party, for person.
 Depot, for station.
 Promise, for assure.
 Posted, for informed.
 Stopping, for staying.
 Like I do, for as I do.
 Feel badly, for feel bad.
 First-rate, as an adverb.
 Healthy, for wholesome.
 Try and do, for try to do.
 These kind, for this kind.
 Cunning, for small, dainty.
 Funny, for odd or unusual.
 Guess, for suppose or think.
 Fix, for arrange or prepare.
 Just as soon, for just as lief.
 Had rather, for would rather.
 Had better, for would better.
 Right away, for immediately.
 Between seven, for among seven.
 Not as good as, for not so good as.
 Some ten days, for about ten days.
 The matter of, for the matter with.
 Not as I know, for not that I know.
 Somebody else's, for somebody's else.
 Kind of, to indicate a moderate degree.
 Storms, for it rains or snows moderately.
 Above, for foregoing, more than, or beyond.
 Try an experiment, for make an experiment.
 More than you think for, for more than you think.

A Boston woman, when writing to invite a friend to dine with her, does not dare to affix "N. B." to her letter, lest it be interpreted "no beans."

An austere-looking lady walked into a furrier's recently and said to the yellow-headed clerk: "I would like to get a muff." "What fur?" demanded the clerk. "To keep my hands warm," exclaimed the lady.

"That man who has just passed us," remarked Brown to Robinson, "I have met several times, and, if he notices you at all, he looks you square in the face. I like that style of man." "Yes," replied Robinson, "he is a barber and probably wants to see if you don't want a shave."

We walked together side by side
 One perfect autumn night;
 This dull world seemed like paradise
 Bathed in the soft moonlight.

Upon my arm her little hand
 Lay lightly, and a thrill
 Of keen delight sent through me, as
 A soft touch sometimes will.

I drew her closer to my side;
 For why should I disguise
 The love I felt since first I looked
 Into her deep gray eyes.

I saw the moon's rays softly kiss
 Her lovely upturned face.
 And I,—well what would you have done
 If you'd been in my place?

ALEX-AND-HER.

There was a chap who kept a store,
 And though there might be grander,
 He sold his goods to all who came,
 And his name was Alexander.

He mixed his goods with cunning hand—
 He was a skillful brander;
 And, since his sugar was half sand,
 They called him Alex-Sander.

He had his dear one, to her came,
 Then lovingly he scanned her:
 He asked her would she change her name,
 Then a ring did Alex-hand-her.

"Oh, yes," she said with smiling lip,
 "If I can be commander!"
 And so they framed a partnership
 And called it Alex-and-her.

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